


# THE LEISURE HOUR

An Illustrated Magazine  
for HOME READING



This Number contains an article of great interest to all subjects of the British Empire, entitled IN MEMORY OF A GREAT QUEEN; GLIMPSES OF THE RED MAN IN CANADA; THE ROYAL ARTILLERY; RAGUSA, THE PEARL OF THE ADRIATIC; CONCERNING COUNTRY HOUSES; THE PASTOR'S ACCOUNT-BOOK; Complete Story: A DISGRACE TO THE VILLAGE; JOHN WESLEY; THE DECEIVER, by Leslie Keith; WOMEN'S INTERESTS; THE FIRESIDE CLUB; and SEVENTY-THREE ILLUSTRATIONS.

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*Specially drawn for "The Leisure Hour" by Harold Copping*

HOW OFTEN SHE HERSELF RETURN,  
AND TELL THEM ALL THEY WOULD HAVE TOLD,  
AND BRING HER BABE, AND MAKE HER BOAST,  
TILL EVEN THOSE THAT MISS'D HER MOST  
SHALL COUNT NEW THINGS AS DEAR AS OLD.

TENNYSON: *In Memoriam*, Canto XL.



# In Memory of a Great Queen

BY HUGH B. PHILPOTT

**Y**OU cannot judge of a man's worth by the splendour of his tombstone, and the mere fact that immense sums of money have been expended on memorials to Queen Victoria has no particular significance. The significant thing is the universality of the impulse which drove all sorts and conditions of the great Queen's subjects to seek means of perpetuating her memory. There has been nothing like it in the history of the world. If it could be imagined that a hundred years or two hundred years hence every written word and every oral tradition about Queen Victoria had been lost, the memorials then standing would still make it possible to reconstruct the figure of a great monarch ruling long and wisely over untold multitudes of many races, affording the while an example of womanly virtue and winning a place in the affections of her subjects such as no ruler ever held before.

Four years have passed since that sad January day when the world first knew that the beloved Queen was dead, and although some of the memorials of her life and reign are still incomplete, their main features have in nearly all cases been determined, and it is now possible to take stock of the varied ways in which the subjects of Queen Victoria sought to give visible expression to their feelings of gratitude and admiration.

The unique personal bond which united the great Queen with her subjects was only for her contemporaries. Men rightly felt that their children and children's children

must know the fame of Victoria, which is and will long remain one of the best assets of the Empire.

Obviously it would be impossible in a magazine article even to mention a tithe of the Victoria memorials which have been or shortly will be erected in almost every town in the Empire. We can only illustrate and comment on a few of outstanding importance and a few others which may be taken as typical of a great number.



Photo by

Henry Irving

SKETCH MODEL OF THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL

(The suggested treatment of Buckingham Palace shown in the photo has been modified.)

First in order of importance comes the great national memorial in London for which contributions have been received from all parts of the United Kingdom and from nearly all the colonies. The scheme has been a very long time coming to fruition, and at the time of writing there are still details in connexion with it which are not yet finally settled. The main features have, however, been determined and considerable progress has been made with the actual work. The object of the scheme was to combine with a memorial to Queen Victoria a great and much-needed street improvement which would add to the

## In Memory of a Great Queen

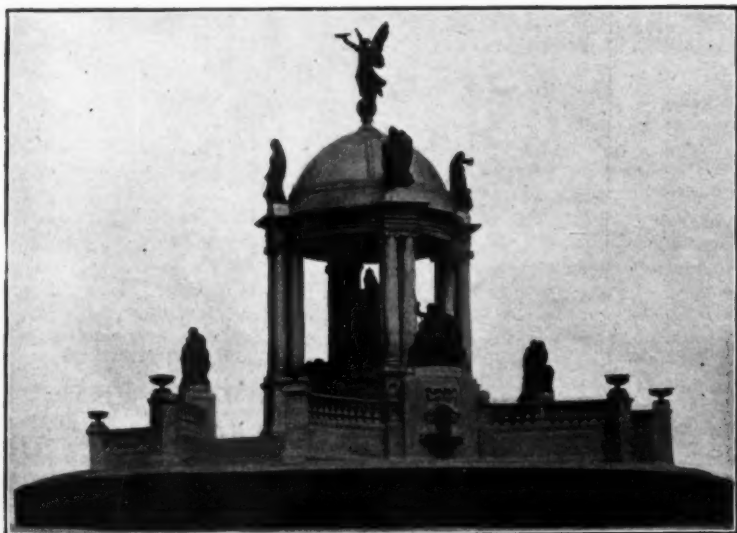


Photo by

Moxell and Morrison, Liverpool

QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL, LIVERPOOL

convenience and to the architectural glories of London. Five architects of the highest eminence were invited to prepare designs for an architectural scheme providing a processional road from Buckingham Palace to Charing Cross, and a dignified setting for the actual monument of the Queen to be erected in front of the Palace. It is interesting to notice that care was taken to include a representative of Scotland (Dr. Rowand Anderson) and of Ireland (Sir Thomas Drew). The other competing architects were Sir Aston Webb, Mr. T. G. Jackson and Mr. Ernest George. The scheme selected by the committee is that of Sir Aston Webb, and this, with certain modifications, is now being carried out.

The monument which forms the central part of the scheme is the work of Mr. Thomas Brock, R.A. It stands in the middle of a wide open space and is approached by a broad flight of steps. The Queen is represented as she appeared in middle life: she is shown seated, facing the Mall—a dignified but homely figure sitting, as it were, in the midst of her people, not raised on some great eminence above them. The upper part of the monument is occupied by two figures representing Courage and Constancy, and above them rises the figure of Victory, the total height of the monument being 68 feet. The groups to the right and

left of the Queen typify Truth and Justice respectively, the side of the monument facing Buckingham Palace being occupied by a group representing Maternity. It will thus be seen that the sculptor's object has been to proclaim in enduring bronze the leading characteristics of the great life his work commemorates.

The monument will stand,

appropriately enough, in front of the official residence of the sovereign in London. But



Photo by Henry Hibbert

QUEEN VICTORIA STATUE, BRADFORD

## In Memory of a Great Queen

unfortunately the dreary façade of Buckingham Palace makes but a poor background for a work of art. By removing the old railing, however, and substituting for it a stone colonnade Sir Aston Webb introduces a unifying and connecting element, and by curving the colonnade in the middle he avoids what would otherwise be a harsh conjunction of curved and straight lines. The enclosed space around the monument has been laid out as a garden, and the wide processional road running to Charing Cross—and superseding the old Mall—may well provide opportunities for the sculptors of generations to come. As is usual in British architectural designs, the subsidiary statuary required to give completeness to the scheme is plentifully suggested in the drawings, but, as is also usual, its erection will be indefinitely postponed. There is no doubt, however, that when the main portions of the work, which are now in hand, have been completed, Londoners generally will recognise that a very notable public improvement has been made, and that the memorial as a whole is not unworthy of the greatness of the occasion which called it forth.

Another notable monument is that at Liverpool, which, like the London memorial, has not yet been completed. Our photograph taken from the sketch model gives some idea of the general design, but none at all of the beauty and interest of the sculptures. These, which are the work of Mr. Charles J. Allen, are being carried out in bronze. The central figure standing on a pedestal under the dome is that of Queen Victoria, who is represented wearing a crown and holding the orb and sceptre. This figure is 14 feet high. The four groups surrounding the dome represent Justice, Charity, Knowledge and Peace; each consists of a female figure, 7 feet high, with two child figures, except in the case of the beautiful group representing Charity. Here a woman—a strong and tender figure—is represented carrying in her bosom a little sleeping child, while two older children nestle at her feet sheltered in the folds of her cloak, which is thrown protectingly round them. Poised gracefully on the top of the dome is a winged figure 10 feet high representing Fame. The four lower groups, each of which is composed of three or more figures of colossal size, represent Commerce, Industries, Agri-



*Photo by Jerome*

QUEEN VICTORIA STATUE, SOUTHPORT

culture and Education, and the panels below these are to be filled, two with inscriptions and two with figures representing Arts and Sciences. The architectural setting, which was designed by Professor F. M. Simpson and Messrs. Willink and Thicknesse, is carried out in Portland stone, the interior of the dome being covered with gold mosaic. The total height

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STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA, OTTAWA, CANADA

to the top of the figure of Fame is 56 feet, and the monument, which is being erected on a central site—Derby Square—will be a conspicuous object from many of the surrounding streets.

In many places an important memorial in celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria was in hand, and had not been completed at the time of her death. In such cases the Jubilee memorial would

naturally become the definitive memorial of the completed life. This was the case at Manchester, where the memorial takes the form of a beautiful group of sculpture by the late Mr. E. Onslow Ford, R.A. The statue, which was unveiled by Lord Roberts in October 1901, was begun in 1898, and the Queen gave the sculptor several sittings. The dress worn by the Queen, when she sat as a model, was a fine lace, with a veil draped under the coronet, and this she lent to Mr. Ford, who made an exact copy of it in bronze. The Queen is represented seated on a throne, carrying the sceptre in her right hand and the orb in her left. The figure is of bronze, the pedestal and chair being of Mazzano marble, a marble of brownish tint. At the top of the chair of state is a representation of St. George and the Dragon, and above the head of the Queen the Royal Arms are engraved.

In order not to leave an unsightly blank space at the back of the statue the sculptor designed an allegorical group representing Maternity. This group, which is also of bronze, comprises a partially-draped female figure holding two young children. It is placed in a niche behind the statue of the Queen. Above it are the arms of the city of Manchester and the motto "Concilio et labore," while underneath is carved a singularly appropriate quotation from the speech of Henry V. in the Second Part of *Henry IV.*: "Let



THE VICTORIA MEMORIAL HALL, CALCUTTA

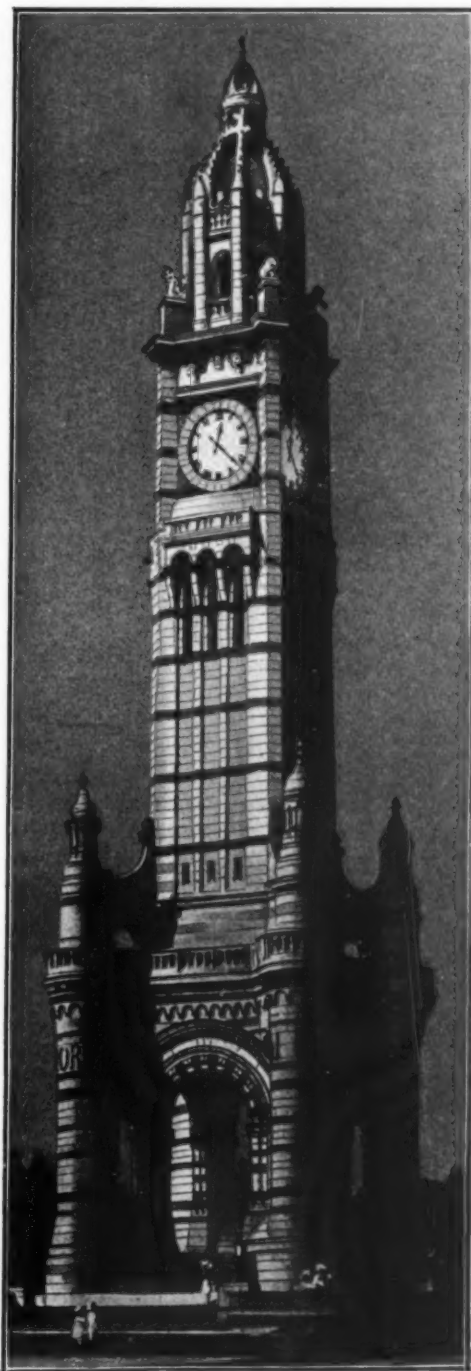
## In Memory of a Great Queen

me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares."

It was natural that in very many cases the memorials should take the form of statues, the most obvious and, if well carried out, the most pleasing to the eye of all memorials of the dead. But there were also many places where it was decided to give the memorial a more utilitarian character, and various works for the public good were set on foot and associated with the name of the Queen whose sympathies were so wide and whose interest in the welfare of her people was so strong and true. The Scottish national memorial is of this character, and it aims at benefiting a class of the community whose welfare the late Queen always had very deeply at heart. It is proposed to build a school for the sons of Scottish sailors and soldiers, preference being given to those who are orphans or whose fathers have been killed in battle or have died while on service. The school is to be conducted on the lines of the Duke of York's and the Royal Hibernian Schools, that is to say, as nearly like a regiment as a school can possibly be conducted. A site of about fifty acres has been secured near Dunblane, and the building is now being erected. At first it will provide accommodation for 150 boys only, though the classrooms, kitchens, etc. are to be large enough for 300 boys, so that the higher number may be accommodated when funds permit the building of additional dormitories.

When the school is built its maintenance will be taken over by the Government, as in the case of the other two military schools. It may be supposed that a good many of the lads who will join the school will pass into the army or navy, and to some extent the curriculum will be arranged with that expectation, handicrafts likely to be useful in the services being among the subjects taught. But the boys are to be quite free to choose in this matter, and the needs of those who are likely to enter a workshop or an office will not be lost sight of. It is intended that the building shall also serve as a memorial to Scottish sailors and soldiers who fell in the South African war.

Wolverhampton's memorial takes the form of a Free Library, an imposing building in terra-cotta and stone, a general view of which is shown in our illustration. The building, which was designed by Mr. H. T. Hare, contains several large and



*Photo by W. Drummond Young and Son*

QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL, ALLAHABAD



## In Memory of a Great Queen



*Photo by W. H. Bristin, Hereford*

THE WEST WINDOW, PLACED IN HEREFORD CATHEDRAL  
IN MEMORY OF THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA

well-equipped rooms, including reference library, lending library and magazine room. Architecturally as well as educationally it is a notable addition to the buildings of the town.

Many of the smaller towns and villages throughout the country have wisely adopted a similar plan—commemorating the beloved Queen while at the same time adding to the amenities of local life. A concert hall, a cottage hospital, workmen's club rooms, a drinking fountain, a public park; these are some of the forms which local memorials have taken, and though it may be said that some of them were needed improvements which would certainly have been made sooner or later, it is nevertheless true that the loving and loyal thoughts awakened by the memory of the good Queen's life provided many a time just the incentive that was needed to convert a

good intention into an immediate accomplishment.

A memorial of far more than local interest is that at Truro. The fine new cathedral, the building of which was begun more than twenty years ago, was to have been left for an indefinite period in an unfinished state, lacking the great central tower which was needed to give unity and proportion to the fine architectural scheme. The completion of the tower, which rises to a height of 224 feet, has now been carried out as a memorial to Queen Victoria, thanks to the munificence of Mr. J. H. Dennis, who contributed £15,000 for this purpose.

Another cathedral which will always be closely associated with the name of Victoria is that at Brisbane. The actual building has as yet been little more than begun, though the scheme has been under consideration for a long time. It was first put in hand in 1887, when it was proposed that the cathedral should be the Queensland memorial of the Queen's Jubilee. Owing, however, to financial depression in the colony and other causes, very little was done till 1897, when the Diamond Jubilee provided an opportunity for reviving public interest in the scheme and collecting funds for the building. The death of the Queen a few years later naturally converted the project into one for commemorating her whole life and reign. Brisbane Cathedral was designed by the late Mr. J. L. Pearson, R.A., the architect of Truro; the foundation-stone was laid on May 22, 1901, by the Prince of Wales, and the building of the first part, the choir and transepts, has now been begun.

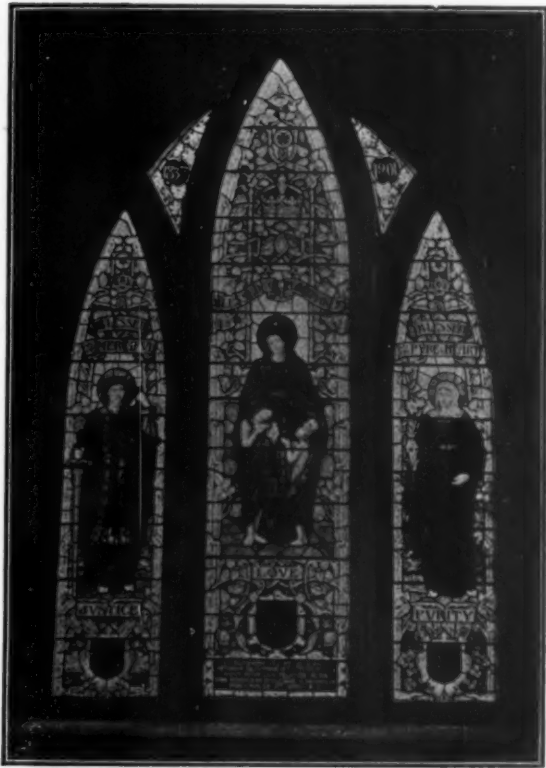
From many statues of the Queen which have been erected since her death, it is difficult to select one or two for special mention and illustration. Those in London, Liverpool and Manchester have already been mentioned. At Southport Mr. Framp-ton's statue represents the Queen at about the middle of her life, and is said to be a wonderful likeness of Her Majesty as she then was. The figure is in bronze, 11½ feet high, standing on a pedestal of Aberdeen granite 12 feet high. The Queen is depicted



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standing in a dignified attitude, wearing state robes, with the Garter and other orders, and carrying the orb and sceptre. The statue at Bradford, Yorks, by Mr. Alfred Drury, A.R.A., is specially interesting on account of the unique arrangement of the drapery, the train measuring eight feet from the front to the back. This is the only statue in England so designed, and the sculptor was specially congratulated by the Prince and Princess of Wales on the success of this feature. The Sheffield memorial takes the form of a bronze statue of the Queen on a stone pedestal with several symbolical groups. It is the work of Mr. Alfred Turner. Mr. F. J. Williamson, Queen Victoria's private sculptor, is responsible for the bronze statue at Hastings, which represents the Queen at the time of her Jubilee, standing with her hands crossed, holding a sceptre. The same sculptor has produced a marble statue of the Queen, which has been sent out to Perth, Western Australia. In Canada there are a number of statues of Queen Victoria, one of the most noteworthy being that on Parliament Hill, Ottawa, which we illustrate. This striking group is the work of a French sculptor, M. Hebert of Paris.

Of all the memorials outside England (perhaps it is not necessary even to make that qualification), it may safely be said that the most magnificent will be India's memorial at Calcutta. This will take the form of a great building, to be known as the Victoria Hall. An architect of wide experience in Indian building has been chosen, in the person of Sir William Emerson, and he has designed a stately domed building in the Renaissance style, but with a slightly Oriental flavour. The project has been in hand for some years, and has had the advantage of the strenuous advocacy of the Viceroy, Lord Curzon. The Anglo-Indian community responded very liberally to the appeals made, and some of the native princes proffered contributions with such lavish generosity that Lord Curzon felt compelled to suggest the curtailment of some of the amounts. Up to March last it was reported



*Photo by Arthur R. Burrows*

MEMORIAL WINDOW AT ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, OXFORD

that the money subscribed amounted to more than £380,000, and no doubt even this immense sum will be greatly increased before the subscription lists are closed.

The building will be constructed of pure white marble, which will be obtained, as far as possible, from the quarries of India. Standing in the midst of a beautiful and spacious park on a broad marble terrace, the glittering white structure, with its central dome rising to a height of 160 feet, will be a notable object even in a land so full of the marvels of ancient architecture, and will worthily perpetuate the fame of the great white lady who ruled over so many millions of dusky subjects.

It will naturally be asked to what use this great building is to be put, for a building which served no utilitarian purpose would be an obvious absurdity. Briefly, it is proposed that the Victoria Hall shall become the National Gallery of India, preserving relics and trophies of many

## In Memory of a Great Queen



*Photo by R. Banks, Manchester*

VICTORIA MEMORIAL (FRONT), MANCHESTER

kinds, which should form a lasting memorial of great men—both British and Indian. The central hall under the dome will be consecrated entirely to the memory of Queen Victoria. It will contain nothing but a statue in white marble, representing the Queen as a young woman, and in the walls will be inserted tablets of coloured

Indian marbles, with inscriptions reproducing the messages or words of the Queen. Adjoining this hall will be the Queen's Vestibule, containing pictures and memorials of her life. Then there will be a Hall of Sculpture, a Hall of Paintings, a Hall of Princes containing collections presented or lent by Indian chiefs, a Hall of Arms, a Durbar Hall for state functions and public meetings, and a series of minor apartments.

While from all parts of India contributions have been sent to this great national memorial, there have also been very many smaller local memorials. Of these one of the most interesting is that at Allahabad, a town which has a special association with



*Photo by R. Banks, Manchester*

VICTORIA MEMORIAL (BACK), MANCHESTER



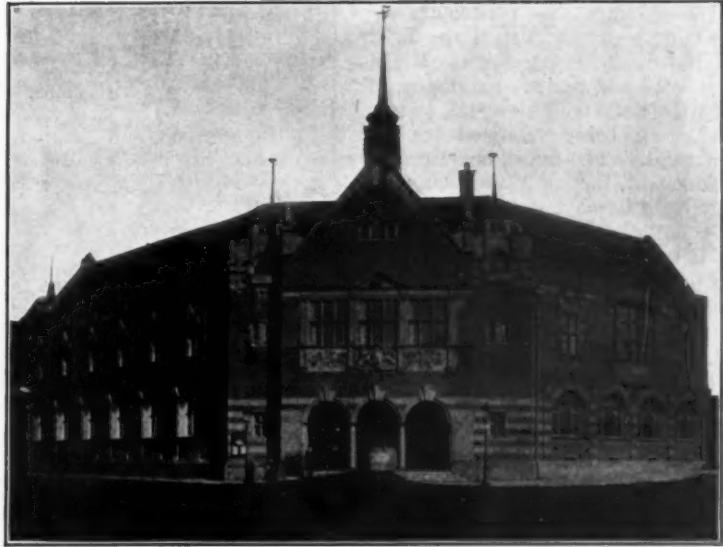
VICTORIA MEMORIAL SCHOOL FOR THE SONS OF SCOTTISH  
SAILORS AND SOLDIERS NEAR DUNBLANE, PERTH

Queen Victoria, inasmuch as it was here that in 1858 she took over by proclamation the government of India from the East India Company. The memorial takes the form of a clock tower and a statue of the Queen. The architectural competition was won by Mr. Robert F. Sherar of Edinburgh, Mr. Wade of London being the sculptor employed. The base of the tower, which will be built of local stone, forms a canopy over the figure of the Queen, nine feet high, in bronze.

In many places a memorial

## In Memory of a Great Queen

window has been chosen as a means of commemorating the Queen's life. It is interesting to note that King Edward's personal memorial to his mother has taken this form. The window, which is the work of Mr. Ion Pace, has been placed in the private chapel at Windsor Castle. It consists of ten lights in two tiers. A tablet near the window records that it is dedicated "to the Glory of God, and in Pious



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Memory of Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India," by "her devoted and sorrowing son Edward R.I."

At Hereford Cathedral a great window has been placed in the newly rebuilt west front, as the offering of upwards of 8000 women of the Hereford diocese. It is of very elaborate design, containing, among much else, a representation of Queen Victoria, crowned and vested in a cope as worn at her coronation. There are also many figures of saints, and surmounting the whole is a circular light containing a representation of Christ in Glory, surrounded by angels.

Much smaller and simpler—and therefore easier to illustrate and describe—is a beautiful window which has been placed in the church of St. Michael, Oxford. The design is singularly appropriate as a memorial to the good Queen. There are three principal lights containing figures representing Justice, Love and Purity—three leading characteristics of Queen Victoria's life. The central figure, Love, is a female figure sheltering two young children in the folds of her garments. Above is the text,

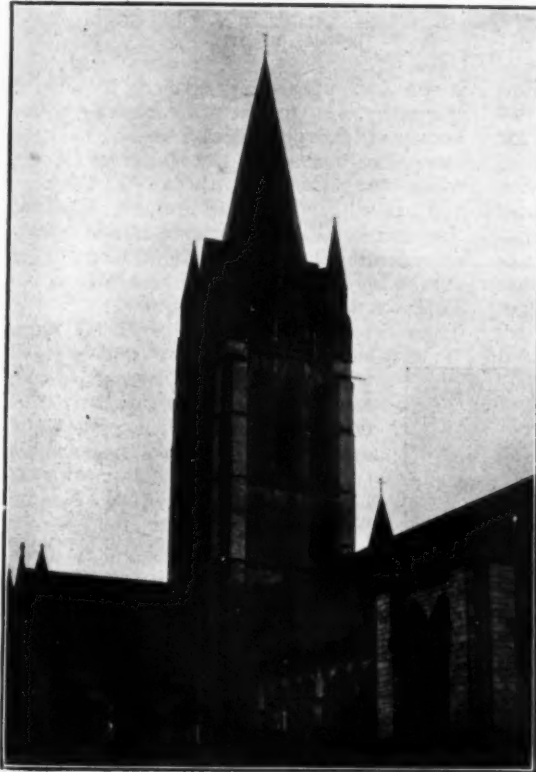


Photo by E. C. Argall, Truro

THE VICTORIA TOWER, TRURO CATHEDRAL

## In Memory of a Great Queen

"Blessed are the peacemakers," and in the upper part of the light is shown the imperial crown. In the left-hand light is the figure of Justice bearing scales and sword, the motto being "Blessed are the merciful." The figure in the right-hand light, that of Purity, holds in her right hand a white lily, and in her left a Bible. Above her head is the motto, "Blessed are the pure in heart." At the foot of the three lights are the arms of England, Scotland and Ireland, on a background of roses, thistles and shamrock respectively. The ground-work of the upper part of each of the three main lights consists of rose-stems and foliage, with roses interspersed. The thistle and shamrock designs reappear in two small top lights, which contain the dates 1837 and 1901.

Another memorial to which brief reference must be made, though it does not take an architectural or artistic form, is that known as the Women's Memorial. This is a fund raised to extend and perpetuate the work of the Queen Victoria Jubilee Institute for Nurses. The Institute was the Queen's own charity, which she herself founded with the £70,000 presented to her by the women of Great Britain on the occasion of her Jubilee in 1887. And it was partly perhaps on that account that the proposal to increase its funds commanded such universal approval. But the object of the charity itself



CATHEDRAL FOR THE DIOCESE OF BRISBANE

The Foundation-Stone was laid by the Duke of Cornwall (now Prince of Wales), May 1901.

is one that appeals very strongly to popular sympathy. It touches very closely the homes of the people, and is felt to be a fitting memorial to the homely Queen, whose sympathies were always with the poor and suffering. The total amount raised for the memorial fund was about £84,000, a considerable but not extraordinarily large sum. The remarkable feature about the fund was its thoroughly popular character. There were no fewer than 4,000,000 subscribers, the great majority of whom contributed small sums, ranging from a penny upwards. Only about one-eighth of the total amount collected was made up of sums of over £5. Thousands of ladies in all parts of the Empire freely gave their time to the work of organising the collections. How heavy a task this sometimes was may be judged from the returns from the West Indies, which contained the names of thousands of negroes who subscribed one penny each.

What a noble life it must have been which could have evoked so noble a tribute!



ONE OF THE QUEEN'S NURSES AMONG HER PATIENTS  
(Lady Dudley's Scheme in Ireland.)

# The Deceiver

BY LESLIE KEITH

## SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

VERNEY DRAKE returns to England after an absence of ten years. He had gone away from Monnowbridge at twenty-three, because Grania Herrison, whom he loved, had married his elder brother Oliver. He finds Grania little altered, but Oliver's face gave him a disquieting shock. He sleeps in the old home, in his own old room, Grania having moved her boy Verney to another, for the occasion.

In the smoking-room, after dinner, he learns from his brother that being a banker and sole trustee for a friend's son, he had used and lost in speculation the trust money, about £40,000, and the young fellow was to come of age next month. Oliver asks Verney to come to his rescue. The sum was, within a few hundreds, almost the exact amount of Verney's inheritance. After a night's anxious thought, Verney agrees to give him the money, which Oliver promises to regard as a loan. Verney comes up to London, and takes two rooms in a quiet street off the Strand, hoping to earn money by writing.

Three years before this, a young wife, Maisie Kingdon, had been watching by the death-bed of her husband, Harry Kingdon, on the shores of the Caribbean Sea. She was his second wife, his first wife, Maimie, having run away from her home to marry him. Harry Kingdon asks his friend, Larry Fogo, skipper of the *Anna*, to look after his widow and child. Maisie went to live in New Orleans, and there she received an advertisement relating to the first wife of Harry Kingdon, who was entitled to a large sum of money under her mother's will. Maisie resolves to come home and claim the legacy, and Fogo lends her her passage money.

Sim, the family solicitor of the Drakes, recommends Verney to lodge with Mrs. Brandon, a clergyman's widow, and tells him her daughter's story. She was the niece of Mrs. Moore whose daughter had run off with Harry Kingdon and married him. Mrs. Moore disinherited her daughter Maimie, and left almost all her wealth to Miss Brandon. But her niece had refused to take it, as Maimie might be still alive. Then the lawyer gets Mrs. Kingdon's cable to say that she is coming home to claim the legacy.

## CHAPTER X

THERE was no disguising the fact that Verney Drake did not make any headway in his new career. His one little bit of good fortune was not succeeded so far by another, and though he had had a proof-sheet of his article on Indian Magic (and had thrilled and glowed at the sight of it), the paper had not yet appeared in print, and consequently he had not received the modest cheque at which he valued it. The money was undoubtedly safe to arrive some day, but it was slow to set out.

To hurry it up and keep his memory green in the editorial mind, he made the fatal mistake of heaping fresh contributions on the already groaning table in that inner sanctum where his "Indian Magic" had found favour. He failed to perceive that because a little glimpse behind the mysterious curtain of the East was acceptable, since a Royal couple were about to make a progress there, and newspapers were turning the public mind in that direction, it did not necessarily follow that the readers of the *Monitor* were waiting for his views on the Gothenburg system or the Small Crofter Question.

Indeed, as he afterwards realised, he made

nothing but mistakes at this time. He spent a great deal of money in buying copies of the leading dailies, weeklies, and monthlies, which he might have saved by visiting the Free Library; and he committed the still more disastrous blunder of copying, as far as he could, the style, tone, and general scope of the articles he already found printed there. While every editor in London, and there is a considerable number of them, was daily sifting—with little hope in his search—the cinder-heap of worn-out thoughts, trite truisms, stale platitudes, piled upon his desk, for something new, sparkling, striking, convincing, Verney Drake was wasting time, energy, hope, in repeating less admirably the long-settled and long-expressed opinions of other minds.

And yet he wondered that, with all his diligence, all his honest endeavour, he did not make progress!

The one thing that rendered him really capable of success and foreshadowed a final victory was that he did not give in. There was grit in him—the grit that makes a man set his teeth and defy malicious fate. When his essays and sketches and stories were rained back on him in a pitiless shower, he sat down and wrote more. When he suffered twenty failures, he could



## The Deceiver

still determine that the twenty-first should break the spell. He wrote upon a large variety of subjects, tramping to the library to look up statistics and verify facts; and just for lack of the hints that any pressman could have given him in five minutes, his task was as that of Sisyphus: labour for nought.

He used to wonder sometimes what the gentle lady under whose roof he lived thought of his post; she could not but be impressed with its magnitude, and the unfailing regularity of its delivery. He hoped sometimes, with a hot brow, that Miss Brandon did not know the look of rejected MSS. Miss Brandon, if he had only known it, was too absorbed in other matters to be in the least interested in his affairs.

Among the baleful communications that all meant, "we want none of you," whether more or less curtly worded, there were sometimes pleasanter things—yarns from old friends across the world, and every week a letter from Grania.

Grania was not a great letter-writer; the Irish blood in her was too diluted to come out even in unconscious wit; she took her correspondence as a duty and sandwiched it between the prose of ordering dinner and the poetry of teaching Boy to spell. Verney could mentally see her in the dining-room at the Leas, seated sideways at the small davenport—surely the least easeful of writing mediums—her mouth pursed with earnestness, her pen flying; and he was grateful to the Scotch grandmother who had bequeathed to her a conscience for family ties.

For though she invariably made eager inquiries as to the progress of the Book (which had an effect of irony on the reader), she also told him many wholesome, simple things about her husband and child, her small doings and small pleasures, and so conveyed subtly such a sense of content and happiness into the lines that he would have suffered twice his present straits rather than see her trust shattered.

Once when he had been harder hit than usual, a story of which he had thought pretty well coming back with a promptitude that made him suspect it had never been examined, she sent him a new photograph of Boy—a very gallant and debonair little figure riding a shaggy pony as if he had heard the world's challenge and were bold to win his spurs. He put it on the

mantelpiece, supporting it against the glass shade of the little gilt clock that had never consented to tick since it left, in the honeymoon trunk of the Vicar and his wife, the French Exhibition of 1851.

"You shall win," he promised the little cavalier: "you shall win, if I have to fail that you may."

Many people, no doubt, would call him fool—Quixote of the Impossible Ideal. Nine-tenths of men would either have refused to help a brother out of a dishonourable difficulty or would have given a grudging half, and counted themselves generous. But he had never been accustomed to mould his conduct by the opinions of the majority, but only by that one uplifted voice in the inner Court of Appeal, which those who have ears to hear can always discern, and that voice was against the easy standard of the world's charity.

All the same, the lessons of poverty are neither altogether easy nor altogether pleasant to the scholar, and Verney many a time wished he had not wasted so many shillings when shillings were as common as blackberries, since they were now as scarce as cider apples in a flood year.

He began to practise all sorts of careful economies. He walked to the offices of the various newspapers and magazines to save the postage of his volunteered contributions; when Mrs. Brandon supposed him to be dining comfortably, he was frequently walking away an unruly appetite, or sneaking into an Aërated Bread Shop where he had already discovered—as Miss Brandon knew—the staying qualities of an English scone.

The only thing he could not save on was his washing. The cultured Englishman's instinct to be well-groomed and arrayed in clean linen survives many another affront to his fortune.

Meantime the "Mary Moore" Romance, as he called it, was an interest which took him at times wholesomely out of himself. It is so seldom we have the vision for the tragedies and comedies that are weaving themselves all around us, finding room to expand and grow in very ordinary hearts, in very commonplace lives.

But to the imaginative the quality is given to see the hidden pattern evolve and grow; the web shape itself until it is ready for the shears of Fate; and this gift of second-sight was sign-manual that Verney Drake would one day write the book which



the eye of faith in Grania already saw printed and bound.

But he deemed himself no more than an interested spectator until, with a little shove from circumstance, he found himself right in the middle of the plot.

Hitherto he had seen very little of Peggy Brandon. He knew that she went forth in the morning, for he had sometimes admired her free walk and fine erect carriage as, from his window, he had watched her pass through the little gate; he knew that she came home in the evening, as he had on occasion—meeting her fortuitously—let her in with his own latch-key. But what took her forth with the regularity of a toiler he did not know; perhaps she took lessons in some womanly art, or perhaps she gave them. More likely the latter, since he had seen her in a very old waterproof on a very wet day, when enthusiasm to learn might very well have been damped to the point of staying at home.

Their intercourse might have continued to the end of time to be restricted to polite good-mornings and good-evenings, had he not met her one day when about to go out, struggling up the area-steps dragging a heavy scuttle of coal.

Now Verney had never been able to endure the sight of a woman labouring at a task Nature has designed for man. Once in India he was scoffed at by a highly civilised Civil servant for relieving



"GIVE THAT TO ME"

a poor native woman of the burden under which she feebly bent; once in the Southern States of America he had won the contempt of an acquaintance for espousing the cause of a coloured granny—but he had remained uncured: to spring to Peggy's side and seize the scuttle was the outcome of an instantaneous impulse.

"Give that to me!" he said in his most masterful manner. "You are *not* to carry it."

She looked surprised, but yielded to superior force.

"Our orphan has gone away," she explained. "I don't quite understand whether her Institution has re-claimed her, or whether she has suddenly developed an

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independent judgment; but I lean to the theory that we've been found wanting, and that she has been recalled."

"The main thing is that she's gone. If she were here, where would she put this scuttle?"

"In the dining-room. Mother has a cold, and as she insists on getting up, she must come down to warmth. The calendar says it's June," she glanced out of the window, where a bleak wind was blowing the hapless dust, "but my bones call it March."

"It's June right enough; but in England, you know, summer is winter with a difference—'winter painted green.' May I light the fire? I can do it."

"But you were going out."

"Only to the Library. When I get there, there will be twenty people looking at my particular newspaper, and ten over the age of sixteen (that clause is such a comfort, since it bars babes in arms) consulting my particular book, so I may as well wait here."

"But meantime the fire of your enthusiasm may burn itself out."

"No danger of that," he said, as he knelt and struck the match. "Do you know what housewives call a 'gathering coal' in Scotland? A black lump, to all seeming, but when you apply the poker in the morning, you can release sparks and even flames. That's the kind of fire a worker requires. Something you can rely on, however dead it looks, to thump into a glow."

"So you damp down your enthusiasm every night?" She leaned against the mantelpiece and watched him blow perseveringly between the bars to encourage the small blue flicker. "I know that Scotch fire—we have the practice in Yorkshire too, but I dislike it extremely."

"Why?" he asked, looking up with a smile which disarmed the question of bluntness.

"Because it's unresponsive till you stir it up, and then—it scorches you."

"You like a good comfortable blaze all the time? But mine's the more economical way. When you cease to be young you've got to be careful even of your enthusiasm. There's so little of it left."

"There need not be," she said strongly.

"No, perhaps not; but, as a matter of fact, few of us save enough to carry us through life. We're too lavish to begin

with. There; I think that may be trusted to burn now. May I go down to the kitchen?"

"Why?" she asked, but she smiled.

"For one thing, it will save me going up-stairs again, if I may wash my hands there; and for another, there may possibly be some other little trifle they can do before they're washed. I see you don't trust me, Miss Brandon, but I once spent six months in the very heart of the Australian Bush—before they were tainted with civilisation and had imported grand pianos and new novels—just for the fun of picnicking, and in Siberia, or Greenland, you get down to the bare essentials of life—you've got to take your kid gloves off."

"I'm sure you're thoroughly qualified to take our absconding orphan's place," she said, looking at him with amusement in her grey eyes; "but there's really nothing else for you to do. I am not going out this morning, and can very comfortably manage alone."

Nevertheless, this masterful lodger found his way down the black gulf of the back-stair and into the small and gloomy underground kitchen where Peggy looked an almost ridiculously regal young figure, and there he pounced on a kettle which he felt assured was much too heavy for her to lift, and filled it at the tap.

She looked on in a kind of amazed amusement at the things he found to do, and did very well too, and all in a matter-of-fact, methodical way that was a new trait to her in man, her father having been of the helpless order, who would have been lost if his clean clothes had not been put out for him, or his slippers had strayed from under the accustomed chair.

Now you may very successfully defy intimacy if you confine yourself to drawing-room graces, but you can't share the peeling of potatoes and the washing-up of dishes and retain the starched garments of ceremony.

Peggy liked her helper because of the tact with which he made it easy to accept his services, and she liked him for a certain goodness she found in his face, and a certain something that was not littleness in his talk, and she began to forget that he was the lodger, and to remember that he was the friend of Mr. Sim and of George Herrison, and might therefore, in some degree, be *her* friend too.

And perhaps she liked him best of all

because the moment he ceased to be useful he went his way.

At the kitchen-door he paused.

"Can I recapture your orphan for you?" he asked, "or annex another—if you'll tell me where they grow——"

"No," she shook her head. "I used to think all our domestic difficulties would disappear if we could eliminate the mother, but an Institution is worse than ten mothers. I shall ask a 'temporary' lady I know of to 'oblige' us, so please go back to your book, and I hope you'll find it disengaged."

He went, but he returned before he had stumbled up six steps of the dark stair.

Peggy stood by the kitchen-table; she was doing nothing.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I can't think why I was such a fool as to forget—but Mrs. Brandon had kindly arranged that I should dine at home to-night, and it altogether escaped my memory that I had an engagement."

"Thank you. I'll tell her. It makes no difference."

"I'm dining with Sim—at Dulwich."

She nodded, but when she heard the outer door close upon him she laughed. She was rather an astute young person, and she was not easily taken in.

"He won't get much of a dinner," she said to herself, "when he goes uninvited to a Scotchwoman's house; he ought to give warning."

Which thing was a libel on the most hospitable nation in the world!

Mrs. Brandon's cold did not yield to home treatment, and it was quite natural that Drake—appealed to—should go to fetch the doctor who lived round the corner. He not only went, but he waited for the busy practitioner to return from his rounds, and almost took him into custody, not suffering him to dine until he had prescribed for the ailing lady.

While he was shut up in the bedroom, Drake hung about in the passage, waiting, in a condition of anxiety which was a surprise to himself, to waylay the expression on Peggy's face when she came out of her mother's room. He told himself that he had grown to have a great regard for Mrs. Brandon, which was at least partly true; but it was at Peggy he looked first when she and the doctor came down-stairs side by side.

She had the same unclouded frankness

in her eyes he had learned to expect there, and her mouth was cheerful.

"She'll do very nicely," said the doctor briskly, scenting his dinner and thankful not to be detained. "Just a little care for a day or two, and she will be quite convalescent. Keep the patient warm, Miss Brandon, and give the medicine every three hours."

Peggy looked as if she could dance when the hall-door was shut on the hurrying man of medicine, but she sank down on the little bench instead, and her laugh had a sob in it.

"Oh," she said, "I was so frightened. Why should a doctor always look as if he were the usher of death? But he couldn't keep it up, and when he felt mother's pulse and said, 'We've got a little touch of cold,' I think I could have—well, I almost could have kissed him!"

She blushed, but she held her head high.

"I hope he'll have a very good dinner," she said.

"He was in rather a hurry to get to it."

"And you haven't had yours." She rose, speaking with a recovery of dignity, "And I'm thoughtlessly keeping you from it. Thank you for your help. I couldn't have left mother to go for the doctor myself."

He felt he was dismissed, and he went reluctantly out into the street, turning by a short cut across a builder's yard, where a great pile of flats was in course of erection, to the High Street. There was a restaurant there where he went upon occasions when his spirit required sustaining and hope demanded something to live upon. He turned there now to fortify himself for a dull evening. During the few days of Mrs. Brandon's illness he had been happily diverted from himself and his own uninteresting problems, and he had enjoyed a kind of comradeship which, to a homeless and solitary man, was a new and thrilling experience. He had got on almost as well with Peggy as if she had been Grania, and he had liked her for the same quality of uncomplaining serenity.

Now, of course, all that was at an end, and he must go back with what zest he could to the cold companionship of books and pen.

But he did not yet know all the mercies in store for him.

While Mrs. Brandon was still in her room, a note came from Sim stating the day and hour at which Mrs. Kingdon might be expected to arrive from Liverpool. The

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ship had been delayed by a slight accident, and was a day late. It was improbable, he wrote, that the traveller could reach town before eight o'clock in the evening.

Mother and daughter looked at each other.

"I'm afraid I can't go, Peggy!"

"Of course you can't, and you shan't, mother."

"Yet I can't bear to think of the poor child arriving unwelcomed."

"She'll have to put up with me till I can bring her to you. I suppose there won't be much difficulty in recognising her—a widow with a small child?"

"But, dear, you can't go alone—at night."

Peggy smiled out of her superior young confidence.

"Why, motherling, it will be quite decent daylight; you forget it's June—and I go about all day alone."

"Yes, I know;" Mrs. Brandon sighed her disapproval of those unprotected journeyings; "but the evening does make a difference; the station will probably be crowded, and you may have to wait some time." She looked at her tall daughter, conspicuous even among modern maidens, and suffered uneasily under the imagined glances of strangers. "I am sure Mr. Sim would make time to go if I were to write and ask him."

"Don't, mother! Let poor Maimie have one comfortable evening. Mr. Sim's inquisition will begin soon enough."

"We have so few friends in London. If George Harrison were here,"—she did not notice her daughter's mute protest,—"*or—do you think if we were to ask Mr. Drake?*"

Peggy's protest was no longer mute.

"It seems to me we are taking possession of Mr. Drake, that we're giving him a wrong impression—of our relations."

"He's a gentleman, dear."

"Oh yes! enough of a gentleman to peel potatoes and carry coal, but isn't it making him into something else to carry him off to the station and plunge him into the heart of our romance?"

"He wouldn't take any advantage.—I'm sure he's nice, Peggy."

"Oh, well, darling, if *you* want him for a friend, you shall have him; and I'll play the obliging medium and bring you together. I'll tell him how nice *you* are. If it will make you happier, I'll accept his chaperonage, but you must ask him yourself."

"It will make me happier," Mrs. Brandon assented.

But though neither she nor Peggy knew it, and he himself perhaps scarcely realised it, it made Verney Drake happier too.

### CHAPTER XI

VERY little was said while they passed into and became a part of the eternal procession of the streets.

Verney saw that his companion was absorbed, probably forecasting the immediate meeting, trying to formulate to herself the manner of woman this cousin—so strangely mixed up with her fortunes—might be.

When they reached the High Street she asked him to hail an omnibus, and they got upon the top. They found two vacant places near the front, and Peggy invited him by a little withdrawing motion of her plain black skirt to seat himself beside her. He noticed how untrimmed, almost to severity, was her dress, her loose jacket of thin stuff, her hat, and wondered a little at this abnegation in one so young, until he remembered that she was in mourning for her father. Sim had told him how close and tender had been the tie between father and child, and perhaps she but expressed her sense of loss by the inconspicuous simplicity of the black she wore for him.

Surely there is nowhere so great a travesty of grief as in those fashion-plates that decree the depth of crape and the legitimate amount of ornament permitted to the mourner—so much chiffon and so many yards of galloon for a husband, a sister, a wife!

The streets were still quite full, though City men had gone home to dine. The dusty trees in the park took on a mystical magnificence in that blue haze which London alone knows how to weave, from the gay beds behind the railings came the aroma of summer.

But it was the people whom Peggy looked at, with young and wondering eyes never sated with the strange moving panorama. She forgot the excitement of the meeting at the station in the other excitement of this music of the pavement—the march of an army that through all the wheeling hours of day and night is never wholly at rest.

"Isn't it wonderful," she said, turning to him with shining eyes, "the people,



the endless people and the noise of their going?"

Well he knew the sound of that music, made up of so many chords, despair, distraction, sorrow; here and there a higher note of pure happiness or a deeper, fuller one of adversity bravely borne, or an impotent wail making a discord. Often he had listened to its tumultuous, fantastic voice, swelled with all the passions, all the emotions, and had tried to hear above the confused collective clamour the invitation of a Divine Pity offering to this restless tide of humanity all that it for ever goes forth to seek.

For were not all these various personalities, in spite of their vastly differing experiences, moved by one great common need—was not the "noise of their goings" but a tragically uplifted cry for happiness?

We call our good by a thousand names, but it is one and the same passion that leaps in the heart of the lady in her carriage and her bedraggled sister of the pavement, in the raucous-voiced newsboy, in the rough and the vagabond, the driver on his perch, the politician or the priest. The march of London feet beats itself ultimately into that reiterated refrain—

"Give us happiness!"

And to one who has an ear for this impassioned appeal, and realises how often it is wrung from hearts torn with anguish or withered by sin, what hope for humanity could there be save in an unfaltering belief in Love and Pity as the core of life's scheme? Such hope Verney Drake held, though he had little encouragement from modern science; held it most strongly, perhaps, when he saw the outcast and degraded seek their treasure in gin-palaces, or girls with the terrible imprint in their haggard, painted faces of their calling, beg it at the price of vice. Most of all, perhaps, he held it for these.

He turned and looked at his companion, and the innocent brightness of her face gave him a sense of gladness that was almost a prayer. So does a man give thanks for a good woman.

"You feel it too," she said, "the sense of being caught up, of being a little part of a great whole?"

He nodded.

"Of course I've felt it before in the daytime—I'm so much about."

"Yes."

He did not know what she did when

she was "about," and he tried not to wonder.

"But it doesn't seem the same somehow. In the daytime you chiefly feel the confusion and the hurry, but night seems to bring the other side into prominence, the comradeship side; I suppose it is a question of the lights and the weather."

"Perhaps." He felt inwardly glad that her innocence shielded her from so much that the night reveals.

"I've never been out in London so late before, you see. That gives it an effect of newness."

"And now that you have been a little while in London and are beginning to come under the influence of its spell, do you prefer it to the country?"

Her eyes—they were black-grey to-night—became suddenly wistful.

"Oh, if it were a question of preference—shall I tell you what I often think? I'm like those poor horses. They drag a load of people to the station many times every day, but they never get any further themselves. People praise London because you can leave it so easily, that's what we used to say in Yorkshire; but when London seizes you, it keeps you."

"Yes, it has that way—for those who work, at least; still, even here, one has one's choice with life."

"I don't see that." She turned on him with swift inquiry. "Let's keep to the workers—I suppose that includes you and me—what choice have we?"

He smiled. "This, for instance; a gorgeous suite on the ground-floor, or an attic under the stars."

She looked up involuntarily; in the soft grey above her were many delicate points of radiance. "I suppose you mean high thinking? that may be easier for you—in your garret!"

"I wasn't thinking of myself," he protested; "for the matter of that I haven't got any further than the 'plain living' yet."

She remembered the Aërated Bread shop, and turned her look away.

"I was thinking of the mass of men—of mankind, and surely here, the same as anywhere else, it is offered the option of grovelling or soaring, of aiming high or looking low."

"Yes, but how many people realise that there is any choice? or even consider for a minute whether they want to live on a

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mountain-peak or down in the plain? They've got to keep in the little bit of path they see in front of them, and all their strength is used up in trying not to be jostled off. Oh, I see it, very sadly, every day. There may be quiet corners where aspirations have time to expand, but in the London that I'm a bit of, such a little tender thing as an ideal would soon get trampled underfoot. We want to be honest—yes, in the main, I think we want that—and respectable, but more than even these we want to get on, to have prettier clothes and better food. I fear there isn't one of us who wouldn't willingly forsake your attic under the stars for a ground-floor with gilt looking-glasses and plush seats."

Again he wondered where she went and what she did to see only this meaner side.

"Look down," she said, "and tell me how many of all those moving away from us, going westward, are thinking of anything else but how to get the most amusement for the evening, with the least money?"

"More than you know. There's a good deal of nobility that even the worst can't get rid of, try as they may, and in those that are very far from being the worst you may generally count on a quick response to any right appeal. The crowd, unless it's crazed by its imagined or real wrongs, generally takes the side of justice and right-mindedness, you'll notice that everywhere, even where people gather to be amused; in the theatre, for instance, a touch of genuine sentiment will bring the gallery down."

"Is that what you hear in the march of the multitude?" she asked; "a people led by inspiring music to inspiring deeds? I wish I could hear it; it oftenest sounds to me a cruel trampling, where each individual fights for himself, no matter at what cost to his neighbour."

"But you spoke of a sense of comradeship just now."

"Yes, because the march is for all of us, good and bad, weak and strong; we're swept up in it too," she sighed; "but in the country it was easier-going, and I think you could hear the music there."

"Couldn't you go back?" He spoke impulsively, at that moment his strongest desire being to send her out of the turmoil, to draw her out of these forward-pressing ranks.

"I!" she said, coldly surprised; "no, I

have my place here!" Then a moment later, as if she felt she had been ungracious—

"I wonder how it will strike Maimie, my cousin? Her whole life has been so differently set—to such a different accompaniment. Since you're kindly going with me to meet her, I must tell you a little about her, though it's very little I know." She gave him the few particulars he had already learned from Sim, leaving out altogether her interest in her aunt's fortune.

"Poor girl," he said kindly; "she was very young to spoil her life, but surely also too young not to be forgiven!"

"That's what I think," she said eagerly, and with more warmth of interest in him than she had shown before. "I'm glad you agree with me. Mr. Sim doesn't."

"He's a lawyer," said Verney, smiling; "the ideas of wrong-doing and punishment run in double harness in his mind, he's so accustomed to see them in well-matched pairs."

"I suppose she did wrong, and I suppose she was consequently punished, but she's going to have a good time now if mother and I can give it her. Do you think we shall have any difficulty in recognising her?"

"You don't know what she's like?"

"Not the least in the world. There wasn't even a photograph of her in Aunt Moore's album. I suppose they were taken out—after that time. I can't remember her, of course. I was only a child, quite a small child, when she married. She's the only cousin I've got, and I don't know anything about her, her looks or her disposition or anything. It seems funny."

"I don't think we can fail to pitch on her; she'll probably be wearing black."

"I should think so."

"And then there's the little girl."

"Oh yes, these are all the landmarks, and we must do our best. I don't suppose it would occur to Mr. Sim to tell her to wear a red rose, or wave her handkerchief, or do anything melodramatic, such as people do in books by way of recognising each other. He would expect the law of mutual attraction to draw us together."

"Perhaps he has described you to Mrs. Kingdon," Verney said as they entered the station together. He thought how easy and how difficult such a description would be. "The tallest woman on the platform, and the most plainly dressed," that would, after all, be to say nothing, for it was not



only Peggy's height and her fine figure that struck you on looking at her; in her grey eyes and her firm, well-curved mouth there was a peculiar power of large sympathy and quiet composure. She looked strong for herself, for her sex; the much-troubled lady she was about to meet might safely lean on her young vigour.

They had scarcely gone many steps along the platform where others were gathered like themselves, ready to hail friend and acquaintance, and a line of porters awaited the rush of the train into the blaze of light, when a rather short and stout man in light clothes, with a brickdust complexion and singularly penetrating hazel eyes, wheeled round upon them. He held an evening paper, which he crushed in one hand as he extended the other to Peggy.

"I knew your voice," he said.

"Why, Mr. Herrison, how do you come to be here?" she asked, being still young enough to be surprised by the accidental meetings in London—in London, where from all ends of the earth friends encounter.

But in a moment he showed that the meeting on his part was premeditated. He nodded to Drake after one quick examining glance.

"I saw Sim," he said. He spoke slowly, with a slight drawl which consorted oddly with the energy of his expression. "So I came to see you through this unpleasant business."

"What unpleasant business?" she asked, with a little note of challenge, and Drake felt himself growing hot for her.

"Your meeting with this most inconvenient lady, who claims to be your cousin. She's due—from nowhere—by this train, I believe."

"My cousin, Mrs. Kingdon, is due by this train. Mr. Drake has been good enough to come with me to meet her. She's coming from Nicaragua. That's a small republic, I believe, but it's on the map, isn't it?"

Herrison nodded. "I've been there." He looked at Verney with a humorous glint in his light eyes. "Drake hasn't."

"I don't see—" Verney began, suddenly remembering Sim's prophecy, and feeling the strongest antipathy towards Herrison, but, to his surprise, Peggy laughed. Her laugh struck him dumb. She turned to him with young mirthfulness.

"It's no use trying to argue with him," she said; "he knows so much better than

one does oneself what is good for one! He's been—I don't know where lately."

"Bulgaria," interpolated Herrison calmly.

"He's been in Bulgaria," she took up her broken sentence; "that's the last place, you know; before it was India, Africa, Egypt; and wherever he goes he finds women who are meek and obedient, and who believe whatever the superior sex wants them to believe, and he comes back to England and he thinks girls are the same here. I was under the impression that it was a delightful and romantic affair to discover a new relative."

"I think you are the best judge," said Verney, unable to help interrupting her.

"He doesn't." Peggy was smiling still.

"No," Herrison assented coolly; "if I may express my opinion—"

"You've always expressed it, but since I was a little girl when you first came to the Vicarage, have I ever listened or been influenced by it?"

"I'm a persevering person. I live in hope. It may still be my good fortune to convince you, for instance, that this lady's appearance is ill-timed."

"Your opportunity is gone for the present anyway, Herrison," said Drake dryly, "for here's the train."

It was indeed there, coming in with its thunderous clatter, so instantly silenced as it emerged from the tunnel and stretched its sinuous length opposite the row of waiting cabs.

It seemed to Verney afterwards as if all three of them, the impassive Herrison included, had suddenly started into quickened life, each emulating the other to be first to discover the traveller. But it was really Peggy who found her. Her woman's eye was perhaps quicker for signs and hints. As the train poured forth its heavy freight it seemed to Drake as if there were many widows and many children fighting for his recognition; he spoke to one tall, faded woman, and muttered a confused apology as she turned from him indignantly and took possession of a fat, phlegmatic man.

"A woman in black and a child," he kept saying to himself, until it flashed across him that so great an heiress might have discarded weeds and come in fine trappings of silk and fur.

Then he turned and saw Peggy.

She was standing at the door of a second-class carriage, and beside her, looking slight and slim, dazzled with the lights and

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weary with a weariness that was more than the burden imposed by travel, stood a woman dressed in the very shabbiest of mourning—mourning that even to his inexperienced eye was long out of touch with prevailing modes.

He had one clear glimpse of her features as he advanced facing her, and familiar as he was to become with them, he never forgot his first impression of them. They were commonplace enough; she might have been pretty once, but it must have been before some peculiarly thrilling and dreary experience had learned to look out of the windows of her eyes. You no longer asked if she were good-looking, when you saw them.

Peggy, flushed out of her usual calm, eager, full of a charming design to welcome, was asking disjointed questions.

"Tired?"

Mrs. Kingdon seemed to think a minute. Yes, rather; the passage had not been good, she was a bad sailor, she said.

"Luggage?"

Only one box; she thought the porter at Liverpool had said it was in the rearmost van.

Verney took a step nearer, waiting a description, that he might go in search of the trunk.

Then Peggy said, "Your little girl is asleep yet. May I take her, Maimie?"

Mrs. Kingdon shrank against the door of the carriage with a protective movement. Drake found pathetic, and Peggy said gently, "You're so tired. I'll be very, very careful. Do let me. I won't wake her."

Her companion gave way; but there was a worn fear in her face as she said in her tired voice, "Maisie is blind."

Instantly Peggy's face became tremulously beautiful with pity and love. As she took the sleeping bundle from the mother's hands into her outstretched arms, Drake saw the unguessed, latent mother-love that sleeps in all good women spread like a light from brow to lips.

He turned sharply away to seek and claim the luggage, but not before he heard her say almost imperiously to Herrison, "A cab, quick, please; a cab for my cousin Maimie. We must get home."

If there had been any secret doubt lurking in her heart it was gone. Her whole loyalty was pledged to the weary, drooping woman and the blind child.

### CHAPTER XII

VERNEY found the portmanteau, one that had seen much service in many latitudes, but still bore in half-obliterated paint the semblance of the initials "H. K."

He watched it lifted on the cab and gave the address. Then pausing at the door an instant he told Peggy that he should walk home. The guest had shrunk back into the further corner of the carriage in an attitude of exhaustion, but Peggy sat erect, the sleeping child still in her arms. The little one's face was hidden, but two slim black legs escaped from the enveloping shawl, and as he spoke she freed a hand to cover them.

Herrison, who, in spite of his proffered services, had had no part either in the greeting or leave-taking, and had stood aside from the moment Peggy discovered her cousin, until he called the cab, joined Drake as he turned to leave the station.

"What do you think of that?" he asked in his deliberate voice, though his curious luminous eyes searched Drake's face.

"Of what?"

"That meeting."

"Of your share in it?" said Verney, laughing half-vexedly. There was never any use in resenting Herrison's questions. There was something almost childlike in his air of omniscience and settled self-content, an odd vanity that was the defect of his real ability.

"I think you came to—was it to protect—Miss Brandon?"

"Yes, to protect her."

"From that poor little worn, tired-out woman? Well, since you didn't so much as speak to Mrs. Kingdon, I suppose you recognise the absurdity of that attitude?"

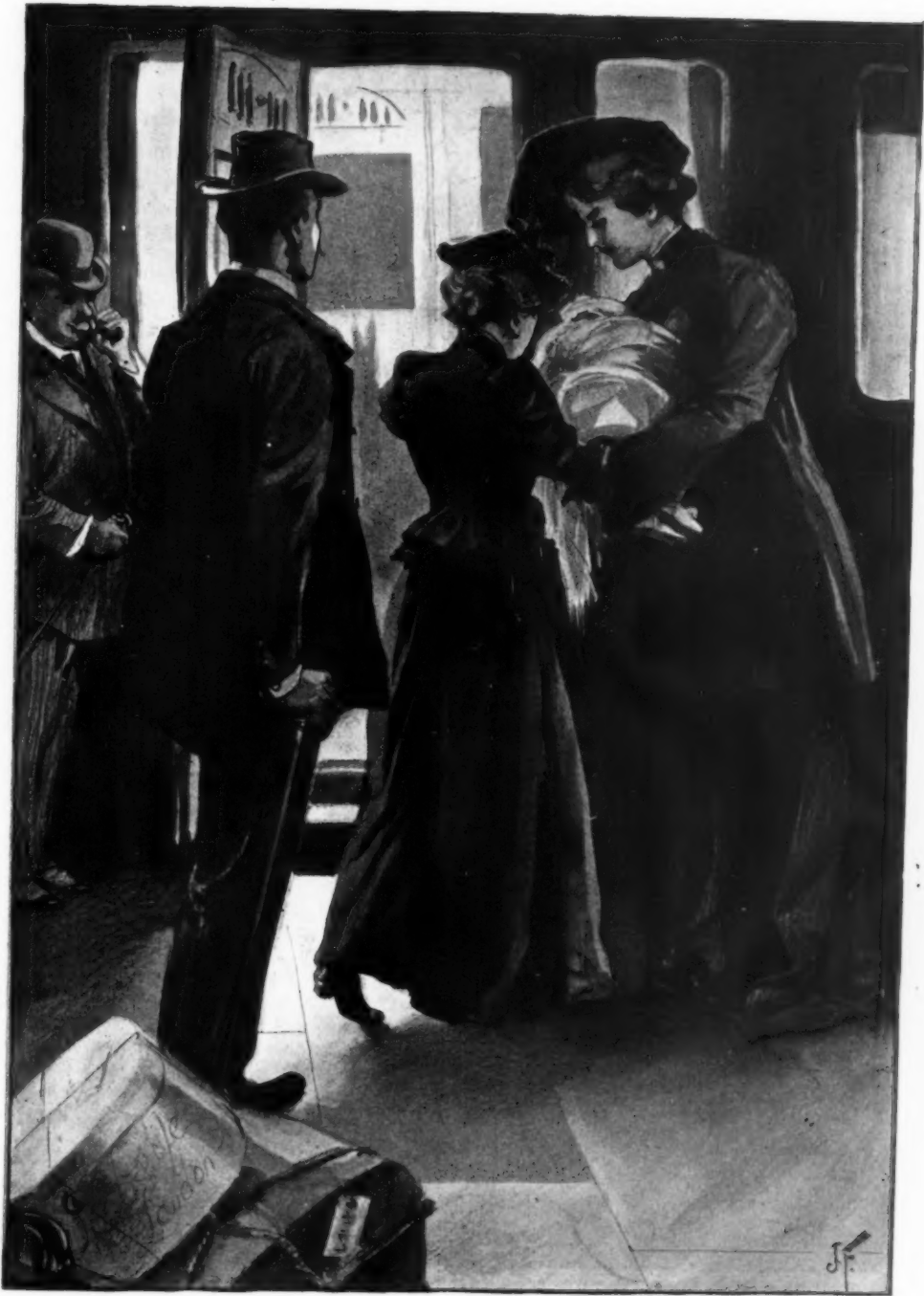
"Sim tells me you're going in for literature; fiction, isn't it?"

"What has that got to do with our present subject?" Verney asked, hotly resentful of the brusque interruption.

"Nothing, unless you like; but if an old hand may advise you, take it as an axiom that a man's manner is very seldom the measure of his meaning. Gives your hero a spice of subtlety: makes him more natural."

"Then *your* subtlety——"

"Mine?" he said, with an amused benignity; "I'm only a journalist, I don't go



SHE TOOK THE SLEEPING BUNDLE FROM THE MOTHER'S HANDS

## The Deceiver

in for romance; I deal with hard, solid fact."

"If you mean to infer that your hard, solid fact is the basis of your suspicions——"

"There you go! why should you suppose I want you to infer anything?"

Verney stopped in the middle of the lighted pavement. "Look here," he said, "it's no use playing with me; it isn't worth your while; I'm not 'subtle,' as you've discovered. I can't read hidden meanings. I don't, in short, know in the least what you're driving at; but if you've anything against that poor woman—broken down with trouble as any one can see—who's come over here and trusted herself among strangers, wouldn't it have been better to let it out sooner, to keep her—if you've any right—from coming at all?"

"All true; but if I haven't the right?"

"Then——"

"Listen!" Herrison imposed silence with a fat, stumpy-fingered hand uplifted. "You want to know what my 'attitude' is? Your word—very good word, if used discreetly. I'll tell you; I couldn't have stopped Mrs. Kingdon coming here, because I know nothing about her."

"Ah!"

"I've met Kingdon—long, thin, soft chap. A bit of a dreamer."

"Then," said Drake, making a rapid mental calculation of the incidents in Herrison's foreign career, and giving, so far as he could, a date to each, "you must have met her."

"No. And I want to know why. I don't say she wasn't there all right, in whatever home they had—a man can't take his wife everywhere on that pestilential seaboard—he might have left her in the healthy region."

"A probable enough solution."

"Oh, quite. I keep an open mind. Got to in my profession; but the fact is, Kingdon saw me through a fever, and he never mentioned her."

"That might happen naturally enough."

"It might, though scarcely with a soft chap like Kingdon."

"And on the strength of her not being with him—in a notoriously malarial district—and of his not happening to take you into his confidence—you're not a chap everybody would gush to, Herrison—you doubt her claim——"

"Not at all: I've no prejudices one way

or another. I mean to find out if she can substantiate it, that's all."

"You mean to question her?"

Herrison laughed.

"If you want *not* to find out a thing, question a woman. There are less crude ways."

"I'm glad I don't know them. If I wanted to know anything about her past history I should ask her straight out."

"And she would look you innocently in the face and tell you any pretty little story she wanted you to believe. You need not think me a blackguard, you know. If the woman's all right I shan't harm her; but there is a lot of money at stake, and if it doesn't belong to her, it belongs to Peggy. Peggy fooled away her chances of getting it without a fuss; I don't want her to be fooled into losing it."

"From what I know of Miss Brandon, I don't fancy she'd thank you for your interference."

"Oh, dear me, that wouldn't hinder me; I've got to think of what's good for her. Was her father's friend, you see; have known her since she was the height of a table-leg."

Drake was silent, but he felt sure it would not be good for Peggy to be disillusioned. He had an almost vehement desire that Herrison should not win in what he felt was a duel between them—a duel for the possession of Maimie Kingdon.

"Yes," said Herrison, as if he read his thoughts, "we take different sides. Peggy never agreed with me in her life, bless her. Rather interesting, eh! to see which of us turns out right?"

"Oh, you sicken me," said Drake, wearily; "you blight life with your suspicions. It was the same in India—the same at school. You are always on the trail."

The journalist laughed good-humouredly. "I've got on," he said, "I haven't done so badly; shouldn't have been where I am if I had let sentiment stand in the way of sense."

It was true that he had got on, got on astoundingly. Everybody had heard of Herrison, the War Correspondent, whose coolness at a crisis was only equalled by the brilliance of his descriptive style. This commonplace, tubby little man, with the vanity of a child, was a hero to thousands of his fellow-countrymen who had never seen him; they followed him eagerly in his

## The Deceiver

meteoric flights where battle raged. Rival papers would have bribed him if he had been bribable: his own held him at a great retaining fee. Of what strange mixtures are we compounded: for every virtue within us its shadowing vice, good and evil for ever playing an endless duet within the prisoned body. Here was a man who with his pen had pleaded and won the cause of a down-trodden race, who yet took pleasure in the thought of persecuting a defenceless

His evident sincerity mollified Verney a little.

"Then you do know a good woman when you see her?"

Harrison laughed. "I had a mother, even I. By the way, how's Grania?"

"She's all right."

"Must go and look her up—Grania's all right too."

"She would feel honoured by your approval."



"LOOK HERE," HE SAID, "IT'S NO USE PLAYING WITH ME"

woman. Drake, within whom lingered inherited impulses towards charity, found it unbelievable.

He would have liked to shake his companion off, but Harrison showed himself serenely indifferent to hints.

"How are you getting along there in the little Kensington house?" he asked cheerfully.

"I'm quite comfortable, thank you," said Drake, ungraciously.

"You're in luck's way. Mrs. Brandon is the best woman, save one, I ever knew; good all through."

"Well, perhaps my approval is worth more than yours. It's more discriminating, any way. I suppose you don't care to tell me how it comes that I find you—a little prince in India where we last met—living in a back street and earning your bread——"

"I don't know that I do,"—Drake smiled in spite of himself,—"but you haven't got the facts quite right; you may leave out about the earning of bread."

"Oh, then, you're only playing?"

"I'm only failing. I don't find it amusing."

"Look here," Harrison drawled, "I spend



## The Deceiver

a good bit of my life trying to dodge the amateur author. He always wants tips, and is usually incapable of profiting by them, but we were school-fellows once."

"Take care; you're reverging on sentiment."

"And I'll help you if you're worth helping. If you're not, the sooner you know it and take to stone-breaking the better. What have you been doing?"

"Writing things for editors to reject."

"You haven't, I hope, been adding to the purgatorial side of the editorial life by handing him your contributions personally?"

"I've spared him that."

"Good. You've steered clear of mistake No. 1. It's all rot to suppose any living editor or publisher cares to come face to face with his contributors, and more especially his volunteered contributors. If you're a big success you may waste his time without endangering his temper too much, but if you're small and unknown—steer clear of the man. He's only human; it's your work he wants if it's worth having, he doesn't care a hang how you look, or what you feel, or where you live, or who your father was. I'm speaking of respectable journalism; of course there is scum that would grovel in the dirt to secure a man or woman with a handle to his or her name, but that's not *your* line."

"Well, I haven't the requisite qualifications."

"There's only one qualification you need. Send in good stuff. And don't you make the mistake that your MSS. haven't been looked at."

"Their merits must have been invisible then, for they've all come back, all but one,—the *Monitor* took compassion on that."

"What was that?"

"Do you remember the Bhotiga Lama by the Taskali gate?"

Harrison nodded.

"I did that, as well as I could. One couldn't reproduce the spell——"

They were both silent a moment, living back in that night of mystery, when the slow Eastern minutes slid by in the hot air, under the hot stars, and their confused senses tried to grasp the ungraspable.

"If the *Monitor* took it you must have done it well." Harrison's praise was precious. "I couldn't touch that sort of thing myself. Why haven't you followed it up? Macpherson printed the thing and paid for it?"

"Oh, yes. But literally only the other day."

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"He would have taken more."

Verney smiled ruefully. "Why, I've battered the man. I've hurled things at him. I've worn him out. He doesn't even hurl them back now."

"Sent him anything more of the same kind?"

"No, I thought that risky; it's an out-of-the-way subject for his paper."

"So you sent him everyday subjects. Political essays, perhaps; notes on the Russian affair, the coming Tariff war?"

"Something of that sort. Topics of the day."

"Why, my dear chap, he has men on his staff trained for nothing else but just to write such timely brochures. What he wants from you, what his public wants, is something fresh, something these chaps *can't* do. Something you've seen or felt, so long, mind, as you *have* seen or felt it; something the man in the street doesn't get dished up with his bacon every morning. Why, you must be simply brimming over with material. Take the domestic line, for instance (that will fetch the women). 'The Jap Woman at breakfast,' 'Mrs. Lo Ching in her nursery,' 'Royal Russians in the school-room,' or the pathetic—'An Ainu's funeral,' 'A Chinese Castaway,' or that old Lama's death."

"Did he die? I thought he recovered."

"He was near enough death for your purposes. You've got the scene, the setting, your literary instinct ought to supply the last touch. You ought to be able to make others see him dead, even if he recovered. Don't you see? If you've the root of the thing in you, everything is an article; you're stumbling on them at every turn; it isn't how to write, but how to get them written."

"And how to get them accepted." Verney's tone was less doleful, insensibly he was cheered.

"No fear of that, if you keep hold of a light touch, and don't make your MS. too long, and send it to the right quarter. Half the trouble with beginners is that they lose time and heart by approaching the wrong man."

"The right man is apparently difficult to find."

Harrison screwed his face, it was an unconscious grimace, sign of seriousness on his part, his drawl was more noticeably pronounced.

"I should say—aim high. You get the



best treatment from the best. I haven't much influence."

Involuntarily Verney smiled, and in an instant he knew himself caught in the act.

"I say, isn't that rather over-acting humility?" he asked. It seemed absurdly out of keeping with the little man's habitual vanity.

"You don't believe it? I tell you it's gospel truth; wait till you get to the top of the tree—I don't deny I'm there—and try. Oh, you can make your own bargains right enough, but try to push another man, and you will learn how far your reputation goes. Editors are suspicious animals. They want to know what you're shoving your friend in for. 'If he's got any merits we can find them out for ourselves,' that's the way they go on. It would probably do you more harm than good if I was to take you the round of the lot to-morrow. If there's any editor chap you particularly want to rile, send a man to him with a note of introduction."

"Thanks, Herrison, but I never counted on your help in that way. I quite understand."

"You let me finish. You know Rutherford of the *Scrutator*?"

"Oh, I've tried him too," Drake groaned.

"Well, he owes me a good turn; nothing to do with professional matters—a private affair—and he's a man who pays his debts. If you could look me up to-morrow, let's see——" he mentally conned over his engagements, "at three o'clock? All right; three. I'll take you across to him. I don't pledge myself that he'll place your articles."

"That would be rash indeed, seeing how unanimously they've been rejected!"

"But anyway he'll give you a fair hearing, and if he gives you a bit of advice I should say don't be above taking it. A man isn't born in the editorial chair, he's got to go through the mill to get to it, and it's a fact that he generally does know better even than his contributors what the reading public wants."

Drake thanked him with real gratitude, and a lifting of the heart such as he had not felt for long. He had almost made up his mind to abandon the siege of literature, almost convinced himself that he had mistaken his calling; but if he had only chosen the wrong weapons, only attacked the wrong spot? Hope was strong in him again, he was almost in a fever to get

home and begin an article worthy of the *Scrutator*. But for the rest of the way Herrison talked and Verney found himself not merely under compulsion to listen, but interested and absorbed.

Herrison was going back on his own beginnings, his fight for a footing on the Press, his unaided struggle; and for all the inescapable thread of vanity in his reminiscences, Drake recognised that they were meant to convey a lesson of encouragement and cheer. Herrison (like many another writer) could only be brilliant when he had the pen in his hand; then, indeed, he could flash and coruscate and dazzle his audience; his speech was as common as his appearance was undistinguished (for that reason perhaps he shunned public functions and Press dinners), but all he said was marked with good sense, and he gave his companion more than one shrewd hint.

So almost to his surprise he found himself within sight of Mrs. Brandon's door, and Herrison still with a proprietary hand upon his arm. It flashed across him to wonder if he had had any motive—beyond good-nature—in coming so far out of his way.

"Yes," said Herrison, who had a disconcerting way of reading thoughts, "I wanted to make sure of the house, forgot to get the number from Sim."

They paused upon the opposite pavement and saw with what a small gay air of festivity the little house was lit.

"I suppose that's the widow's room?" Herrison with a jerk of the hand indicated two narrow lighted windows.

"Yes," said Drake, remembering the whirlpool of activities that had cleaned and adorned the guest-chamber for Maimie's coming. Somehow the question stirred his old dislike of Herrison, lulled during the last mile by the honest interest he had shown. As they stood, a shadow passed the left window, paused, and was presently seen on the right. It seemed to Verney's morbid imagination as if Herrison were watching it, as if he were there to watch it with no kind design.

"Won't you come in?" he asked, but without cordiality.

"No, look you up one day soon." He gave a little laugh. "Tell Peggy—no—I'll tell her myself. Good-night."

Herrison's step as it went down the quiet street seemed to have a sound of triumph in it.

(To be continued.)

## Glimpses of the Red Men of Canada

BY FRANK YEIGH



I-AND-WAH-WAH, OR "THUNDER BOLT," A CREE CHIEF IN MANITOBA WHO BORE A REMARKABLE RESEMBLANCE TO SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD

CANADA has one hundred thousand Indians among her population of six millions. For some years past they have remained practically stationary as to numbers, which means that they are probably one of the dying races of the world. The Canadian Government has isolated them, as wards of the nation, in a series of Reserves scattered over the Dominion from Cape Breton by the Atlantic, through Quebec, Ontario and the North-West to British Columbia. Picturesque and pathetic in their villages or tepees, these original Canadians have been side-tracked in the modern rush and race; they have been disinherited from their once vast possessions in the advance of civilisation.

More and more, as the pale-faces outnumber the red, the latter stand impotently by and see in vision the apparently inevitable end. The Government authorities, however, take a more optimistic view. A recent report says that, "in spite of adverse conditions, it must be admitted that the fact that even the Indians who have most recently come under civilising influences are at least holding their own numerically, with a tendency to increase, is a strong proof of the wise and humane policy pursued by Canada in assisting its aboriginal population in the struggle for survival."



GROUP OF CHIPPAWA INDIANS NEAR RAT PORTAGE

## Glimpses of the Red Men of Canada

It is still a subject for dispute whether the Reserve system does not pauperise the red men. Some consider that the time is at hand when a system that tends to confirm the Indian in a state of tutelage should be modified, when new plans should be adopted to raise him from his condition of comparative indigence and subjection to one of greater independence. It is admitted, nevertheless, that the Dominion system of governmental control of the red men is in many respects superior to that adopted and pursued by the United States, resulting in fewer scandals of administration and showing in most cases better results.

The results from the efforts made to improve their material conditions by means of agriculture and education are in themselves encouraging, though it is admittedly a difficult problem to make a farmer out of a rover of the plains or a hunter.

Agriculturally, over a hundred thousand acres are being cultivated by Reserve Indians. They own nearly a hundred thousand animals and raise annually a million bushels of grain. In this connexion, one of the interesting sights of the West is that of groups of full-blooded Indians running the most up-to-date binders in their farm work. The value of their farm produce, wages and earnings totals three million dollars, and the fact that they have several thousand dollars in the Government savings banks is decidedly to their credit in a double sense. Figures such as these tend to disprove the adage that you cannot make a farmer out of an Indian so long as there is a drop of red blood in his veins.

Educationally, the Government supports in whole or in part three hundred schools for ten thousand Indian children. The



YOUNG SARCEE SQUAWS, NEAR CALGARY, ALBERTA

gradual increase in the enrollment is yet another hopeful sign. But by an apparent perversity, although in keeping with "human nature bound in red," the Indian child who is taken from his tepee home and placed in a school is very apt to become restless under the change. Taken from a life of comparative exposure and hardship, where many of the fundamental laws essential to health are disregarded, made to conform to the white man's discipline and mode of life, taught to sleep in a bed in lieu of a buffalo robe spread on the floor of the prairie, to sleep under a weather-proof roof and away from the draughts and suffocating smoke of the tented home—all these obvious advantages, as we regard them, are often looked upon as obstacles in the way of happiness by the red-skinned youth. It would appear to be extremely difficult to radically change the

## Glimpses of the Red Men of Canada



HIAWATHA (EARLY MANHOOD)

course of a life in one generation. Unlimited time and infinite patience are needed for the process.

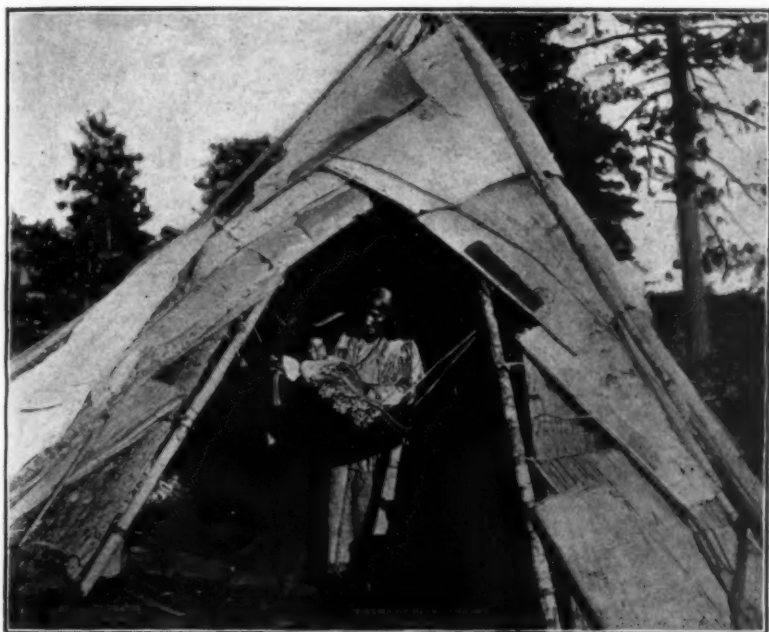
The Indian is found, as has been said, in every part of Canada. One of the great families of the continent is the Algonquin, with its scores of tribal branches. One of these is the Montagnais, or Mountaineers of Northern Quebec, whose history runs back into the dim centuries. As long ago as 1608 these hardy trappers were gatherers of the fur harvest for the French traders who then made Tadoussac, at the junction of the St. Lawrence and Saguenay rivers, their headquarters. They were, too, the guides and companions of Champlain in his first voyages of exploration. As Parkman says, "they were the traders between the French and the shivering bands who roamed the weary stretches of stunted forest



THE STAGE ON WHICH THE OJIBWAY INDIANS ENACTED 'HIAWATHA'



## Glimpses of the Red Men of Canada



DRAMA OF 'HIAWATHA': OLD  
NOKOMIS AND BABE HIA-  
WATHA IN CRADLE

between the St. Lawrence and Hudson Bay." These dark-skinned hunters have shrunk in numbers to a little band of four hundred, occupying a Reserve of less than four thousand acres on the shores of Lake St. John, their principal occupation being fishing and hunting and acting as guides.

Branches of the historic Ojibways are found in northern Ontario. Their summer home is among a group of islands at the north-eastern end of Lake Huron, where in recent years they have presented what is probably the most singular drama of modern times. Longfellow's *Song of Hiawatha* has been dramatised by these dusky actors, the play being given in an open-air auditorium, with the sky for a roof

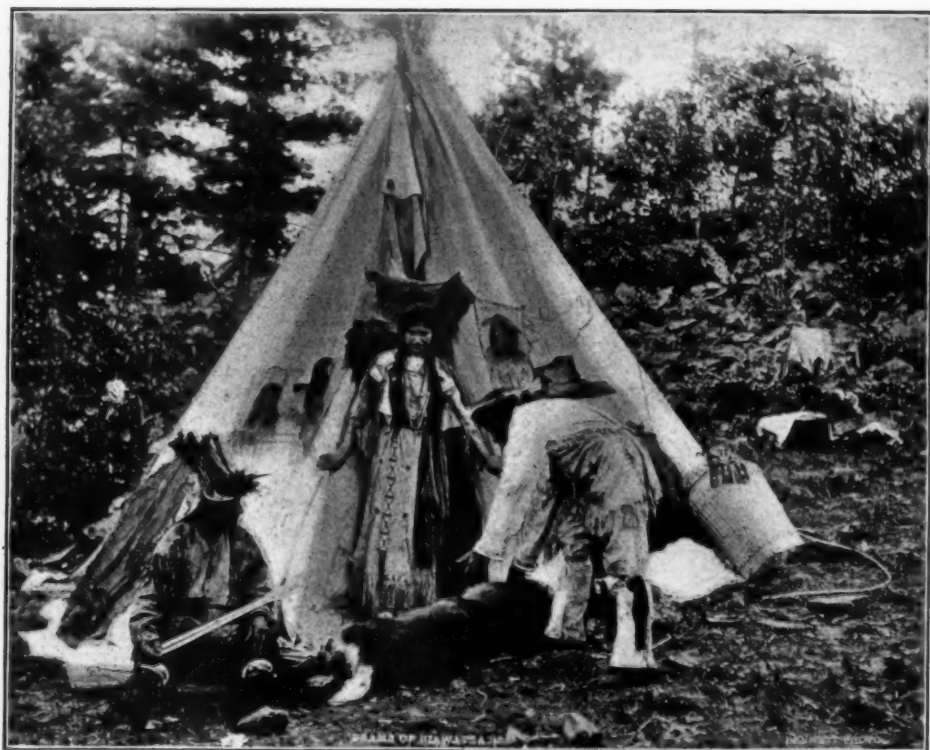
and a real sea dotted with real islands as a scenic setting. Thousands visit the scene of the play in order to witness its representation by the hundred or more Indians who form the cast. The chief actors have been most carefully trained, and the fact that it was from this Ojibway tribe that Longfellow



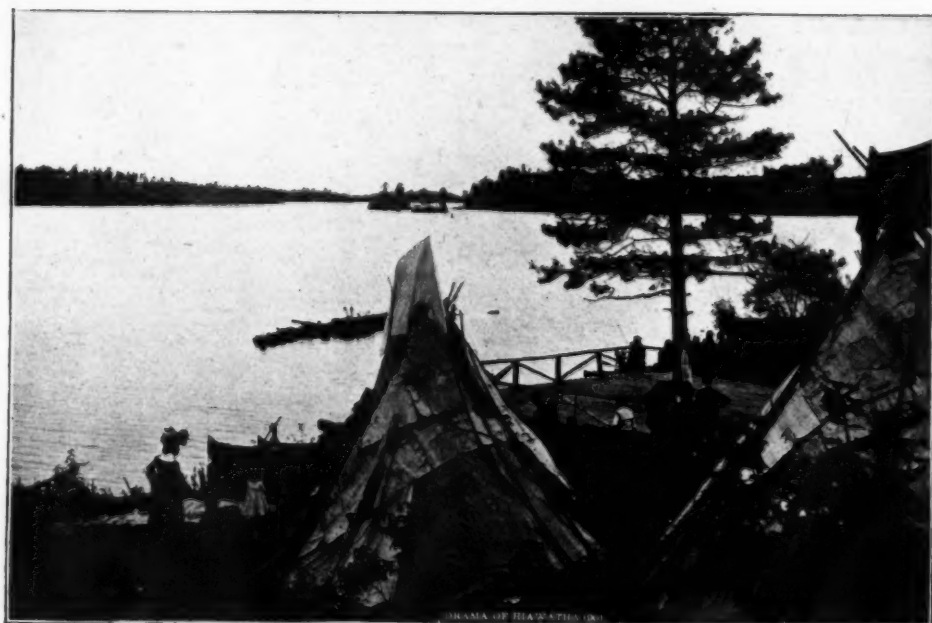
PAU-PUK-KEEWIS, ONE OF THE OJIBWAY CHARACTERS IN THE  
DRAMA OF 'HIAWATHA'



## Glimpses of the Red Men of Canada



HIAWATHA GIVING DEER TO MINNEHAHA



LAST SCENE IN DEPARTURE OF HIAWATHA

## Glimpses of the Red Men of Canada

heard the legends on which he based the poem, adds to the interest of the dramatic representation. A series of tableaux are given intermingled with a number of dances, and the realism of both, in the midst of the charming natural scenery, holds the attention of the audience spell-bound. The play opens with a column of smoke arising from a tepee in the forest as the signal for the tribes to gather, and from tents and woodland depths the red men emerge in their full festal attire and war-paint. Old Nokomis is next seen

the curtain, so to speak, falls upon the drama as enacted by these dusky children of nature, amid the blessed islands that adorn the silver sea of Huron.

In the extreme north-western part of Ontario, along the banks of the Rainy River and the Lake of the Woods, are found many interesting Indian groups, and adjoining their reserves are many reminders of the mound-builders of a remote era. In the vicinity of every settlement is of course a graveyard. A specimen one shown in the illustration belongs to a band of pagan



BURYING-GROUND OF PAGAN INDIANS, ON RAINY RIVER, NEAR THE LAKE OF THE WOODS, ONTARIO

rocking the babe Hiawatha in his birch-bark cradle, forming a beautiful picture in itself. Following this comes the courtship of Hiawatha, when he visits the land of the Dacotahs and woos and wins Minnehaha. This scene is enacted with an unconscious charm and modesty on the part of the Indian maiden who assumes the character of Minnehaha. A series of dances follow as part of the marriage celebration, into which the actors enter with the greatest zest. Indian love songs are chanted, the pipe of peace is gravely smoked, canoe races are run off, and finally, with Hiawatha's departure

"To the regions of the North-wind,  
To the Land of the Hereafter,"

Indians, and recalls their curious burial customs. The body of the dead is placed in a sitting posture, no earth is put over it, but a little house of boards and cotton is made, with a cotton awning stretched above to protect it from sun and rain. A very small door in the end is to enable the spirit of the departed red man to pass in and out. The relatives often open this door in the morning and close it at night, bringing food for the departed one. Offerings of cotton, tobacco, and other articles are also left for the use of the spirit. One of the grave-houses to the right of the view is surmounted by a British flag, the red men of Canada

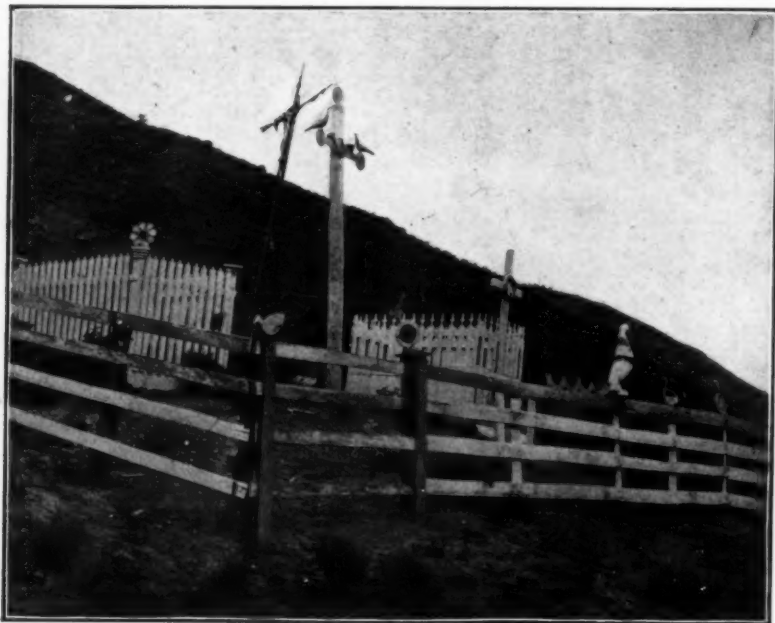
## Glimpses of the Red Men of Canada

thinking that some mysterious charm attaches to it.

The favourite burial-place of an Indian in the Far West is a tree. From the care taken in its selection and the construction of the burial case, one may estimate the rank of the deceased. Others put their dead on scaffolds, the body being dressed in gorgeous apparel with a medicine bag to warn off evil spirits suspended from the neck of the corpse. All the scalps he has taken in his life are with him, and his face is painted in the highest style of Indian

witnessed by him on the Rainy River. The Indians had gathered to receive their Government annuity of five dollars each. "I was invited to the subsequent Dog Feast, with a conjuring programme in addition. The old medicine men first made their appearance, shouting in great excitement. They at once cleared a semi-circular space, about a hundred feet long. Within this enclosure four yellow dogs were killed, skinned, dressed, cut up and boiled with a quantity of wild rice over great fires. This delicious feast closed the first day's doings.

The next day came the conjuring. Several women were set to peeling spruce poles, with which a great medicine tent was erected, the object being to find out from the Great Spirit how they were to come through the approaching winter; whether there would be any sickness or deaths, and if they would be favoured with a good hunt. Holes were made in the



INDIAN GRAVEYARD, NEAR SPENCE'S BRIDGE, BRITISH COLUMBIA

art. Another type of burial-place is indicated in the photograph of a cemetery on the Fraser River of British Columbia, where hand-made effigies of birds are suspended over the graves, again with a view to warding off the evil spirits. On the Pacific Coast and among the tribes of the northern channels, the traveller reaches the land of the totems, which are at once genealogical trees and gravestones for the members of the family.

Many strange tales are told of the feats of legerdemain performed by the Canadian Indians. A friend of mine, connected with the Government Indian Department, thus describes a curious and inexplicable scene

hard clay into which the medicine men put the poles, bending each pole to the earth to a weird chanting accompaniment. The roof being finished, a covering was next made over the poles about half-way up. Then appeared the magician, a young buck almost nude and covered with paint. He seemed very much frightened, especially when the medicine men roughly seized him, threw him to the ground, and securely tied his hands and feet with a half-inch rope. Thus rendered helpless, the poor conjurer was tossed into the tent and the opening fastened. Now all began to 'kiki,' and in a few minutes were joined in the outcry by the magician. Soon after a

## Glimpses of the Red Men of Canada

second voice was distinctly heard in the tent. Thereupon an old man came forward and asked questions of the invisible companion of the bound Indian. Sometimes there would be an immediate answer, and again long delays would often take place. Suddenly the tent began to sway to and fro from east to west, to about an angle of fifteen degrees, from no apparent cause. There was no wind blowing at the time. This strange swaying continued for some minutes amid impressive silence on the

the North-West Rebellion of sixteen years before.) A minute or so elapsed, and a strange voice was heard saying, 'I am here, what do you want?' 'Where are you?' asked the excited mother. 'I am living at White Fish Lake, near Edmonton.' 'How many children have you?' came the further question. 'I have three.' At this point all the Indians who were present became frightened and ran away. When the covering was taken off, Moccasin was freed from the rope. A few days later he was



INDIAN TOTEM POLES, NEAR VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA

part of the awe-stricken natives. Finally the covering of the tent was removed, when I clearly saw the Indian lying on the ground, without a knot untied, and perfectly exhausted!"

The same informant is also responsible for the following: "Last winter a young Indian by the name of Simon Crow Moccasin let it be known that he could conjure. A day or two after, Skeesick (one of the Indian women) induced Simon to conjure for her. A tent was fixed up, and Simon was tied to a pole therein. Skeesick asked if he could find out where her son John Bone was. (She had not seen him since

taken by the Mounted Police to the Selkirk Insane Asylum."

The Indian is clever in many different ways. News spreads with almost uncanny swiftness, and the telegraph and even wireless telegraphy is anticipated by them. They have, for instance, a system of smoke signals. By sending up the smoke in rings or puffs, its message is thus sent abroad for many a mile. The rings are made by covering the fire with a blanket for a moment and allowing the smoke to ascend, when the operator quickly covers the fire again. Three such columns means danger. One only calls attention. Two stands for



## Glimpses of the Red Men of Canada

"Camp at this place." Thus they have in actual use a novel long-distance telegraph.

So at night they use their fire signals. One fire-arrow (an arrow prepared by heating the head of the shaft with gunpowder and fine bark) means the same as the daytime columns of smoke puffs—an enemy is near, danger, or great danger; while several arrows tell the distant watchers that the enemy are too many for them.

men had their moccasins blackened as they fled. The pursuing Crees thereupon nicknamed them the Blackfeet, by which they are still known.

These stalwart warriors seem to fit in with the broad stretches of rolling prairie. They know every mark made by the hoofs of the vanished buffalo; they know every trail that winds snake-like through the waving grass. And as the white man journeys across the continent in a luxurious



A BLACKFOOT FAMILY AND TRAVOIS, CALGARY, ALBERTA

Among the finest physical specimens of red men in Canada are the Blackfeet. A great feud once raged in this warlike tribe and the inevitable battle for supremacy ensued. The defeated party moved southward in the fall, after the prairie fires had swept the plains, and thus the retreating

train, he may see from the car windows their solitary villages of smoke-tipped tepees outlined against the sky—all the signs of life in a wide world of silence; he may thus gaze upon the red man whom he has displaced in the world-hunger for land conquest.

### A CITY CLERK IN CANADA

In our August number 1904 appeared the first of a series of letters from a London city clerk in Canada. This letter, written on board the ship on which he sailed, stated that the vessel in question, though licensed by the Board of Trade to carry only 980 passengers, actually had on board over 2200.

Mr. Andrew Cunninghame, Lee, Kent, has challenged the correctness of these statements. The truth appears to be that a vessel which is licensed as an emigrant ship is permitted by this licence to carry a number of passengers in excess of its ordinary number. We regret if our contributor unintentionally conveyed a wrong impression as to the actual figures.

Overcrowding is, however, a relative term, and our contributor adheres to his opinion, of which he has sent us the corroboration of a fellow-passenger, that the passengers were inconveniently crowded.



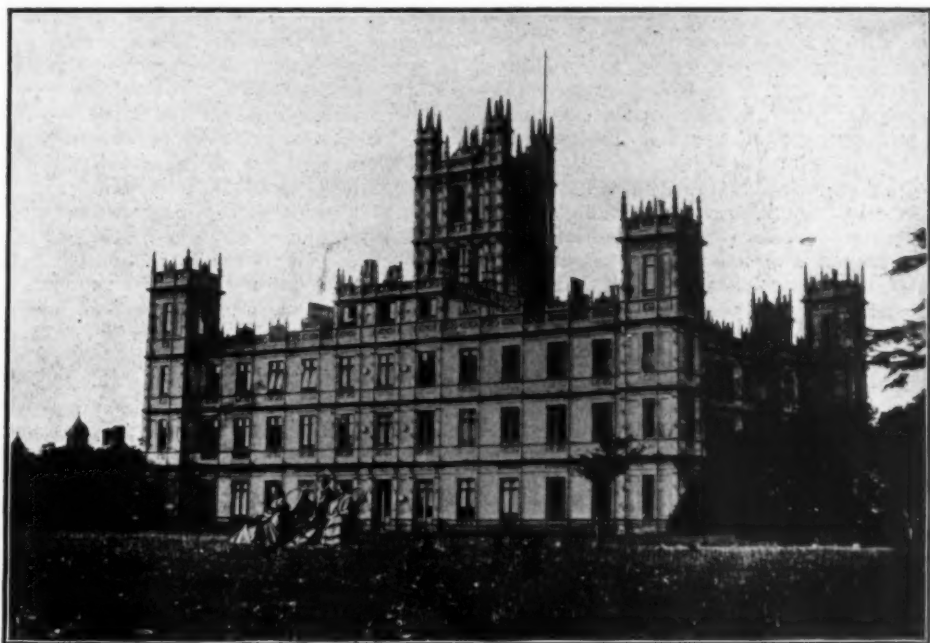
# Concerning Country Houses

BY T. H. S. ESCOTT

## II

AT the present day country-house life is perhaps truly enough charged with being such a perpetuation of fashionable existence during the season in Mayfair, that the long vacation brings no relief to its overwrought votaries. But in comparison with the modish *régime* in Arcadia two or three generations ago, the twentieth-

second Pitt. Holwood, where he then lived, lies between Keston and Bromley; it is also near to Hayes, where his father, Chatham, lived when his famous son was born, and where, till an almost recent date, might be seen in the stable-yard the stone bench from which little William Pitt used to mount his pony as well as, when his



HIGHCLERE, BERKSHIRE (EARL OF CARNARVON)

Photo by F. Frith and Co.

century country house is the haunt of tranquillity and health.

While the smart company of the Regency period was amusing or destroying itself after this fashion, there were country houses whose owners and visitors were otherwise occupied than with hunting down an enlightened and progressive statesman because, like Canning, he was not born in the purple. Such a country house, from the close of the eighteenth century to his death early in the nineteenth, had been the Kentish home of the

ride was over, declaim before his father the speech he was expected to compose while taking the air on horseback.

Keston remained to the last the statesman's favourite retreat. He would drive there after the House was up; he often brought with him, for a week's-end visit, William Wilberforce. Between forty and fifty years ago there stood on Keston lawn the tree beneath which Pitt and Wilberforce arranged the details of the Bill abolishing slavery, which it was reserved for Fox to carry. The late Bishop Wilberforce

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gave the present writer an account of his inspection of the Emancipation Oak, I think, during the early sixties. William Wilberforce's son had seen not only the famous oak, but Pitt's old carter-boy, then eighty-two years of age. This man declared he could remember his old master with perfect clearness. "Mr. Pitt," he said, "was a very nice sort of a man who would do what any one asked him, in one way or another." The statesman was as fond of planting trees as Mr. Gladstone was of felling them, and would drive in a cart to Brompton to bring the trees he had chosen back with him.

The country-house system of the era now looked back upon was not, as some of the names mentioned might seem to imply, confined to the Court and its *entourage*. South Hill, Bedfordshire, Whitbread's country place, was scarcely less important than the neighbouring Woburn itself as a rallying point for all in any sympathy with the infant Liberalism of the day. New blood was not the cry of the Whigs of that time; it proved nevertheless their necessity. Whitbread and his wife did a service to their party, which would not have been overpaid by a peerage, in discovering likely recruits. If the unknown politician of promise, thus lighted on, satisfactorily passed the first stage of probation, he was next inspected by the leaders. In this way Joseph Hume, the economist and Radical, was encouraged to come to the front, and converted from an actual assailant into a qualified ally of the more advanced among the great political families. Radicalism, as was inevitable, has generally supplied Whiggism with its propelling force.

During the first quarter of the nineteenth century it was not the rural palaces of the magnates of the party which cemented the alliance between the van and the rear of the political connexion. This was the period during which fashionable Arcadia had leisure for prophetic gossip about the possible succession to the English crown. The small talkers of the modish drawing-rooms, at home and abroad, were much exercised by the question whether the Duke of Kent would marry. His Royal Highness was indeed frankness itself upon the subject. In one of the drawing-rooms now mentioned, in the not particularly confidential talk to the omniscient Creevey, he gave himself, in the modern phrase, completely away. He would, he said,

marry, if he married at all, for the succession. The Duke of York's marriage, which was also for the succession, must be the precedent. As for his debts, "I don't," he continued, "call them great. The nation, on the contrary, is greatly my debtor." What further might have transpired in the conversation no one can tell, for at this moment "the jockey" (the eleventh Duke of Norfolk) rolled into the room, and made a signal to the Duke of Kent's companion which was meant to convey the fact that his Grace and the Regent were waiting for him at a little supper of burgundy, brandy and broiled bones.

The nineteenth-century country house must figure prominently in any satisfactory biography of Disraeli. It might have had a larger place than is assigned to it in Mr. Morley's encyclopædic work of Mr. Gladstone. Here perhaps I may mention what thus far seems generally to have escaped notice, that it was a country house, Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's Thames-side villa at Twickenham, which witnessed the first introduction of Mr. Morley to the subject of his future monumental *Life*. It was also at a Hertfordshire country house, Wrest, that Mr. Gladstone, late in 1873, finding the bye-elections going against him, and his party getting out of hand at St. Stephen's, decided on an early appeal to the country. After the expenses of the Ashantee war were paid, there would be a surplus of over £5,000,000. Thinking over the whole matter in the rural seclusion where a severe cold kept him in bed, he made his decision. He would propose a grand scheme of local taxation, coupled with the repeal of the Income Tax. From another country house, Lord Granville and the chief Liberal Whip, Mr. Glyn, were summoned to an interview with their chief, still between the sheets. They approved the idea. The result was the Gladstonian manifesto on an unexpected Monday morning early in the January of 1874. Disraeli, then at Hughenden, at once sent for Lord Cairns. The two promptly proceeded to London. The centre of political gravity then for a few days transferred itself from various country houses to Thomas' Hotel, Berkeley Square, where the Conservative chief, then without a town house of his own, had taken up his quarters. "My adversary," he murmured, "has delivered himself into my hands." A week or two later it was all over. For the first time

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since the days of Sir Robert Peel, the Conservatives were not only in office, but in power. Many of the Disraelian country houses throughout the south and west of England illuminated themselves and lit bonfires in the park in honour of the fact.

Disraeli himself might be described as politically a product of the country-house system. "A Jew dandy of rather a vulgar type" was the only reputation he won for many years after he had intellectually asserted himself. Not till he became established as a regular guest at Belvoir Castle was he taken seriously. The Duke of Rutland of that time did indeed admonish "my dear John" (the Lord John Manners who in 1904 is himself Duke of Rutland) against unbecoming intimacy with one "who, however clever and agreeable, is still, it must be remembered, a mere soldier of fortune." By this time, however, the duchesses, the countesses, and the whole order of country-house queens were on Disraeli's side. All in fact was now ready for his recognition by Lord George Bentinck first, and by the man who was to become fourteenth Earl of Derby afterwards.

In the century which seated Queen Victoria on the throne, the most useful country house of the less exalted kind for the Whigs, after Whitbread's at South Hill, was that of Michael Angelo Taylor, a great character at St. Stephen's in his time. To commoners as a rule have belonged the country houses which have been associated with the most important episodes of public affairs during the present generation. Highclere Castle, the Hampshire home of the fourth Lord Carnarvon, the most popular Colonial minister his party ever produced, did indeed supply the social stage on which some important effects were prepared. The names in the visitors' book between 1875 and 1878 would of themselves be enough to suggest that an independent reaction had begun to be organised against the Beaconsfield jingoism. This was done so quietly that only those who were behind the scenes in south of England country houses were prepared for the Conservative defeat in 1880. The territorial noble at home has not very recently proved himself a political power of exceptional magnitude. Nevertheless the Unionism and, bound up with it, the Imperialism which overthrew Gladstone and gave a Salisbury some ten years



Photo by

Chancellor, Dublin

FOURTH LORD CARNARVON

of practically unbroken power was, in its way, a country-house development. From Eridge in Kent, Lord Abergavenny smiled approval on the enterprise which had been planned, however, beneath no titled roof. In the summer of 1885 the spell of Gladstonianism had been broken. Lord Randolph Churchill had already begun to talk of a national party which should supersede the conventional and obsolete factions at Westminster. The first condition for a successful step in that direction was a personal understanding between the leader of the disbanded Fourth Party and the Lord Hartington who is to-day Duke of Devonshire. The diarists of the future who have succeeded to the opportunities of Creevey or Greville will, in due course, relate how this process was accomplished, not in any feudal mansions, urban or rural, of the titled aristocracy, but in the Mayfair dining-rooms and in the Home County palaces of the rich men from the East.

The first *entente cordiale* between the modern founder of Tory Democracy and Mr. Gladstone's sometime second-in-command was established beneath the roof of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Oppenheim in Bruton Street. The alliance developed and

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BARON FERDINAND ROTHSCHILD

cemented itself in the Rothschild palaces of Beds and Bucks. The chief centre of

these operations proved to be the late Baron Ferdinand Rothschild's Waddesdon Manor, near Aylesbury. This and other places of the same kind may be described as having superseded the provincial castles and manors, familiar to every one who has ever dipped into Greville. This may seem something of a novelty. At the same time, it is worth remembering that, even in the intensely aristocratic years of the early nineteenth century, the peers and peeresses were not the only successful entertainers of Parliamentary tacticians. At South Hill, Bedfordshire, as has been seen, Mr. and Mrs. Whitbread, and, nearer London, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Angelo Taylor, were declared by authorities like Melbourne and Peel to be of more use to their leaders at Westminster than all the earls and countesses, the dukes and duchesses, in the world.

From the point of view now taken, the country house has been shown to fill a place in the socio-political system more interesting than the head-quarters at Whitehall of Liberal and Conservative Associations, and quite as important as the party clubs fringing Pall Mall or St. James's. The long stretch of beautifully wooded and watered country in a westerly



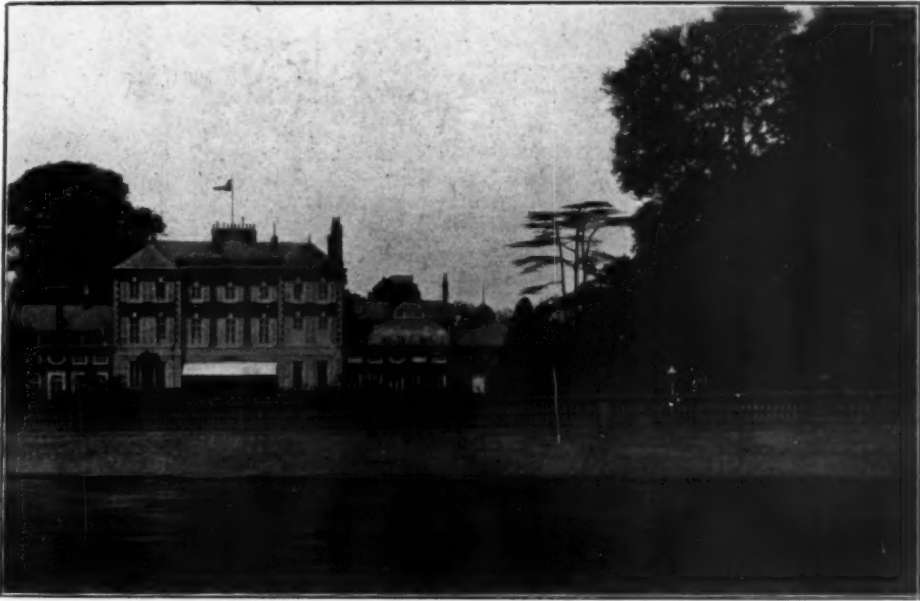
WADDESDON MANOR

*Photo by F. Frith and Co.*

## Concerning Country Houses

direction from the Somersetshire Quantock Hills used to form a portion of the great Egremont estate. In Stuart times it had belonged to Sir William Wyndham, the friend and pupil of Bolingbroke, certainly the most puissant and wealthy of baronets whose acres abutted upon the Severn Sea. In the present writer's childhood the personal tradition of Wyndham was, in this part of the world, a very living one. The details of his appearance, the traits of his character, had been handed down from father and son, through many generations

chambers, passages and mysterious recesses behind the wainscoting to conceal a regiment of priests, of James Fredericks or of Charles Edwards, not one stone to-day stands upon another. Even the Egremont peerage is as extinct as the Wyndham baronetcy; its very name is only perpetuated by the Williton Inn, at which the Bridgwater to Lynmouth and Lynton coach no longer stops, because that conveyance has ceased to exist. Conservatism, however, still has its social rendezvous in this neighbourhood, at the house of the Patron-



YORK HOUSE, TWICKENHAM

*Photo by F. Frith and Co.*

and among all classes in that corner of Great Britain. Wyndham's handsome face, clear grey eyes, winning smile and pink-and-white complexion, such as a girl in her teens might be proud of, seemed as familiar to the parsons and squarsons, to the farmers and cottagers of the district, as if he had only the other day driven St. John, Swift, Atterbury and a mysterious stranger, suspected of being none other than the Pretender himself, to catch the coach at Williton, or to beat up friends to the good cause in Taunton Vale. Of the huge rambling mansion where Wyndham kept open house for Jacobites from all parts of the world, which contained enough secret

age Secretary to the Treasury in 1904, Sir Alexander Acland-Hood. St. Audries, his place, has been even asserted to reproduce some architectural details of Wyndham's vanished mansion, that must have stood some half-dozen miles further in the Exmoor direction.

"If," said Benjamin Disraeli to some one who had congratulated him on the historical usefulness of his romances, "any one, coming after me, wishes to bring my novels up-to-date, he must find his country-house machinery far distant from the Dukeries. They were the centres of gravity in my time, but the typical country house of the Victorian era is one of the homes



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HIGHBURY

*Photo by Whitlock*

of the Buckinghamshire Rothschilds, or of other well-to-do people in that line." In pre-Victorian days a Prime Minister, actual or potential, would have first seen his future private secretary beneath some ducal roof. It was at Rayners, the Buckinghamshire home of Mr. Putney Giles of *Lothair*, otherwise the first Sir Philip Rose, that Disraeli made the final arrangement for taking as the late Lord Rowton's pre-

decessor Mr. Ralph Earle, whom he had indeed once, though for a very short time, seen, when visiting the English Embassy in Paris. At a point in the suburban Arcadia, no less well known at Twickenham, where, at York House, then lived the present Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, in the May of 1879 occurred the most fruitful of the earliest meetings of Gladstone and his future biographer, Mr.

John Morley. But enough has been already said to show that, though its external appearance and its internal economy may be changed, like its ownership, the social and political importance of the mansion as an institution remains to-day what it has been without much interruption for more than two centuries and a half, since the Long Parliament recess.



THE HALL, HIGHBURY

*Photo by Whitlock*

# John Wesley, Evangelist

BY THE REV. RICHARD GREEN

## CHAPTER IV.—COLLEGE LIFE (*continued*)

IN obedience to the summons he had received from Dr. Morley, Rector of Lincoln College, Wesley returned to Oxford, to take pupils, eleven of whom were at once placed under his care. Here he found a nascent Methodist Society, though as yet without the definite name, consisting of Charles and two companions, to whom he immediately joined himself, and by whom he was speedily recognised as their spiritual leader. The little community soon became under his guidance the instrument of a spiritual propaganda, and gradually increased in number and influence—a little seed that was by and by to become a great tree.

In his *Short History of Methodism*, published some years afterwards, Wesley gives the following account—"In November 1729, four young gentlemen of Oxford—Mr. John Wesley, Fellow of Lincoln College; Mr. Charles Wesley, Student of Christ Church; Mr. Morgan, Commoner of Christ Church; and Mr. Kirkham, of Merton College—began to

spend some evenings in a week together, in reading, chiefly the Greek Testament. The next year two or three of Mr. John Wesley's pupils desired the liberty of meeting with them; and afterwards one of Mr. Charles Wesley's pupils. It was in

1732 that Mr. Ingham of Queen's College, and Mr. Broughton of Exeter were added to their number. To these in April was joined Mr. Clayton of Brazen-nose, with two or three of his pupils. About the same time Mr. James Hervey was permitted to meet with them, and in 1735 Mr. Whitefield." He says—"They were all zealous members of the Church of England; not only tenacious of all her doctrines, so far as they knew them, but of all her discipline, to the minutest circumstance. They were likewise zealous observers of all the University Statutes, and that for con-

science' sake. But they observed neither these nor anything else any further than they conceived it was bound upon them by their one book, the Bible; it being their one desire and design to be downright Bible Christians; taking the Bible, as interpreted by the primitive Church



REV. JOHN WESLEY

(From the painting by Romney.)

## John Wesley, Evangelist

and our own, for their one and sole rule."

This was the "Holy Club,"<sup>1</sup> of which Wesley was by the wits dubbed the Curator. These were the "Bible bigots," the "Bible moths," who, their deriders said, fed upon the Bible, as moths do upon cloth; and against whom were directed the gibes and jeers of the careless. But the opposition of the worldly spirits by whom they were surrounded did not hinder them in their high purpose, while it made more obvious their courage and singleness of aim. They did not confine their attention, each man to his own soul, or generally to the welfare of the little community or club; but they sought to rescue other young students from evil courses, and to lead them to a religious life; they visited the prison and the castle, where they read prayers on Wednesdays and Fridays, and administered the Sacrament once a month; they raised money and procured books, medicines and other requirements for poor prisoners; they visited and helped poor families, and they taught in schools and in the workhouse. In all this Wesley took the lead. He himself founded one of the schools, paid the mistress, and clothed some, if not all, of the children.

When preaching on Dress many years after, he tells that, while he was at Oxford, "on a cold winter's day, a young maid (one of those we kept at school) called upon me. I said, 'You seem half-starved. Have you nothing to cover you but that thin linen gown?' She said, 'Sir, this is all I have.' I put my hand in my pocket, but found I had scarce any money left, having just paid away what I had. It immediately struck me, Will thy Master say, 'Well done, good and faithful steward! Thou hast adorned thy walls with the money which might have screened this poor creature from the cold! O justice! O mercy! Are not these pictures the blood of this poor maid?'" Thus he urged upon his hearers not to "lay out on nothing, yea worse than nothing, what may clothe your poor, naked, shivering fellow-creature."<sup>2</sup> And on another occasion, when preaching on The More

<sup>1</sup> The men of wit in Christ Church called them Sacramentarians; their allies of Merton thought both this title and that of Methodists too decent, as implying something commendable; they therefore changed it, and honoured them with the title of the Holy Club.—Moore, i. 169.

<sup>2</sup> *Works*, vii., 21.

Excellent Way, he exhorts, "First, if you have no family, after you have provided for yourself, give away all that remains. This was the practice of all the young men at Oxford who were called Methodists. For example, one of them [himself] had thirty pounds a year; he lived on twenty-eight, and gave away forty shillings. The next year, receiving sixty pounds, he still lived on twenty-eight, and gave away two-and-thirty. The third year he received ninety pounds, and gave away sixty-two. The fourth year he received a hundred and twenty pounds. Still he lived as before on twenty-eight, and gave to the poor ninety-two. Was not this a more excellent way?"<sup>1</sup>

Thus in works of benevolence and Christian service these young men lived in purity of life, in the midst of abounding wickedness, strengthening each other's faith and godly practice, living as lights in the world, holding forth the word of life, in the midst of a truly crooked and perverse generation. But this outward zeal was not maintained without the most diligent religious exercises. The rigorous watchfulness which Wesley kept over himself at this time, and the strenuous effort he made to promote his spiritual progress, are strikingly exhibited in *A Scheme of Self-examination*, which he tells us was used by the first Methodists in Oxford, and which was undoubtedly his compilation. The document is extremely interesting, not only as showing the inner life of the little Methodist community, but, here particularly, as throwing light on the severe system of self-discipline which Wesley was accustomed to carry out, with the utmost precision, upon himself, and which he urged upon others.

*A scheme of self-examination, used by the first Methodists in Oxford.*

**Sunday.—Love of God and Simplicity: Means of which are Prayer and Meditation.**

1. Have I been simple and recollected in everything I said or did? Have I (1) been simple in everything, that is, looked upon God, my God, my Pattern, my one Desire, my Disposer, Parent of Good; acted wholly for Him; bounded my views with the present action or hour? (2) Recollected? that is, has this simple view been distinct and uninterrupted? Have I, in order to keep it so, used the signs agreed upon with my friends, wherever I was? Have I done anything without a previous perception of its being the will of God? or without

<sup>1</sup> *Works*, vii., 36.

## John Wesley, Evangelist

a perception of its being an exercise or a means of the virtue of the day? Have I said anything without it?

2. Have I prayed with fervour? at going in and out of church? in the church? morning and evening in private? Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, with my friends, at rising? before lying down? on Saturday noon? all the time I am engaged in exterior work in private? before I go into the place of public or private prayer, for help therein? Have I, wherever I was, gone to church morning and evening, unless for necessary mercy? and spent from one hour to three in private? Have I, in private prayer, frequently stopped short and observed what fervour? Have I repeated it over and over, till I adverted to every word? Have I at the beginning of every prayer or paragraph owned I cannot pray? Have I paused before I concluded in His name, and adverted to my Saviour now interceding for me at the right hand of God, and offering up these prayers?

3. Have I duly used ejaculations? that is, have I every hour prayed for humility, faith, hope, love, and the particular virtue of the day? considered with whom I was the last hour, what I did, and how? with regard to recollection, love of man, humility, self-denial, resignation, and thankfulness? considered the next hour in the same respects, offered up all I do to my Redeemer, begged His assistance in every particular, and commended my soul to His keeping? Have I done this deliberately, not in haste, seriously, not doing anything else the while, and fervently as I could?

4. Have I duly prayed for the virtue of the day? that is, have I prayed for it at going out and coming in? deliberately, seriously, fervently?

5. Have I used a Collect at nine, twelve, and three? and grace before and after eating? aloud at my own room? deliberately, seriously, fervently?

6. Have I duly meditated? every day, unless for necessary mercy, (1) From six, etc., to prayers? (2) From four to five? What was particular in the providence of this day? How ought the virtue of the day to have been exerted upon it? How did it fall short? (Here faults.) (3) On Sunday, from

six to seven, with Kempis? from three to four on redemption, or God's attributes? Wednesday and Friday, from twelve to one, on the Passion? after ending a book, on what I had marked in it?

### Monday.—Love of Man.

1. Have I been zealous to do, and active in doing, good? that is, (1) Have I embraced every probable opportunity of doing good, and preventing, removing, or lessening evil? (2) Have I pursued it with my might? (3) Have I thought anything too dear to part with, to serve my neighbour?

(4) Have I spent an hour at least every day in speaking to some one or other? (5) Have I given any one up till he expressly renounced me? (6) Have I, before I spoke to any, learned, as far as I could, his temper, way of thinking, past life, and peculiar hindrances, internal and external? fixed the point to be aimed at? then the means to it? (7) Have I in speaking proposed the motives, then the difficulties, then balanced them, then exhorted him to consider both calmly and deeply, and to pray earnestly for help? (8) Have I in speaking to a stranger explained what religion is not? (not negative, not external;) and what it is? (a recovery of the image of God;) searched at what step in it he stops, and what makes him stop there? exhorted and directed him? (9) Have I persuaded all I could to attend



GEORGE WHITEFIELD PREACHING

(From the Rischgitz collection.)

public prayers, sermons, and sacraments, and in general to obey the laws of the Church Catholic, the Church of England, the State, the University, and their respective Colleges? (10) Have I, when taxed with any act of disobedience, avowed it, and turned the attack with sweetness and firmness? (11) Have I disputed upon any practical point, unless it was to be practised just then? (12) Have I in disputing, (i.) desired him to define the terms of the question; to limit it; what he grants, what denies? (ii.) Delayed speaking my opinion? let him explain and prove his? then insinuated and pressed objections? (13) Have I after every visit asked him who went with me, "Did I say anything wrong?" (14) Have I, when any one asked advice, directed and exhorted him with all my power?



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2. Have I rejoiced with and for my neighbour in virtue or pleasure? grieved with him in pain, for him in sin?

3. Have I received his infirmities with pity, not anger?

4. Have I thought or spoke unkindly of or to him? Have I revealed any evil of any one, unless it was necessary to some particular good I had in view? Have I then done it with all the tenderness of phrase and manner consistent with that end? Have I anyway appeared to approve them that did otherwise?

5. Has good-will been, and appeared to be, the spring of all my actions towards others?

6. Have I duly used intercession? (1) Before, (2) After, speaking to any? (3) For my friends on Sunday? (4) For my pupils on Monday? (5) For those who have particularly desired it, on Wednesday and Friday? (6) For the family in which I am, every day?—*Works*, xi., 514-16.

The germ of this scheme may perhaps be found in his father's *Pious Communicant*, published in 1700.

A letter from one of Wesley's intimate fellow-collegians, Robert Kirkham, and one of the first band of Oxford Methodists, throws a new light upon Wesley's sentiments at this time. Wesley appears to have visited Kirkham at his house in Stanton, Gloucestershire, and to have been received as a welcome guest. Here he made the acquaintance of Kirkham's sister Betty, and seems to have been impressed by her charms; nor was she indifferent to the personal attractions of Wesley. This did not escape the notice of her brother. Writing to Wesley, February 2, 1727,<sup>1</sup> Kirkham says—"Your most deserving, queer character, your worthy personal accomplishments, your noble endowments of mind, your little and handsome person, and your obliging and desirable conversation, have been the pleasing subject of our discourse for some pleasant hours. You have often been in the thoughts of M. B. [Miss Betty], which I have curiously observed, when with her alone, by inward smiles and sighs and abrupt expressions concerning *you*. Shall this suffice? I caught her this morning in an humble and devout posture on her knees. . . . I long for the time when you are to supply my father's absence. Keep your counsel and burn this when perused. You shall have my reasons in my next. I must conclude, and subscribe myself, your most affectionate friend, and brother I wish I might write,

"ROBERT KIRKHAM."

<sup>1</sup> Tyerman gives 1727 in his *Life of Wesley*, but 1726 in *The Oxford Methodists*. In one case the date is according to O. S., the other N. S.

Wesley's sister Martha seems to have been aware of his tender sentiments, for in a letter of near the same date she says—"When I knew that you were just returned from Worcestershire, where I suppose you saw your *Varanese* [a fictitious and fancy name for Miss Kirkham used according to a custom of the time], I then ceased to wonder at your silence, for the sight of such a woman, 'so known, so loved,' might well make you forget me. I really have myself a vast respect for her, as I must necessarily have for one that is so dear to you."

A subsequent correspondence—with Mrs. Pendarves—shows that Wesley then retained his passion for Varanese, and that it was not his fault that it did not lead to a life-long union. For more than three years Wesley kept up correspondence with Miss Betty Kirkham, and spoke of her in the tenderest terms; but in 1731 their friendship was interrupted; whether by her father's interference, or by her own preference for another, is not determined. It seems probable that she married a Mr. Wilson, and died in the year 1732.

Wesley's intimacy with Miss Betty Kirkham led to his acquaintance with her sister's friend, Mrs. Pendarves, the elder daughter of Bernard Granville, and niece of Lord Lansdowne. She had married early—at the age of seventeen—and was left a widow when she was twenty-three. She was opulent, talented, accomplished, beautiful, a brilliant lady of the Court, familiar with all that rank and fashion could display; yet is said to have been sweet and modest, intelligent and inquiring; as happy in country life as if she had never known a Court or shone in the assemblies of London; as if the assembly and the opera were altogether strange to her; and, above all, she was interested and concerned about matters of religious devotion and duty. It is no wonder if the young Collegian, with a mind open to every charm of refinement and goodness, as well as to every grace of person, was altogether dazzled and subdued.<sup>1</sup>

Wesley and Mrs. Pendarves corresponded freely; he under the pseudonym of *Cyrus*; she, of *Aspasia*. Several of the letters are given in *Lady Llanover's Life and Correspondence of Mrs. Delany*. Dr. Rigg, who had had the opportunity of examining the whole of the correspondence, says—"In all

<sup>1</sup> Rigg, *The Living Wesley*, p. 49, 2nd Ed.



## John Wesley, Evangelist

other correspondence, before as well as after this period of his life, Wesley is always clear, neat, and parsimonious of words; simple, chaste and unaffected. In this correspondence, on the contrary, he is stilted, sentimental, I had almost said affected, certainly unreal, and at times fulsome, when he has to speak of the lady herself, or attempts to turn a compliment. One almost wonders how the lady, who never forgets herself, and whose style is always natural and proper, was able to bear the style in which he addressed her. It is only when a question of religious casuistry, or of theology, or of duty, or of devotion, is to be dealt with, that Wesley

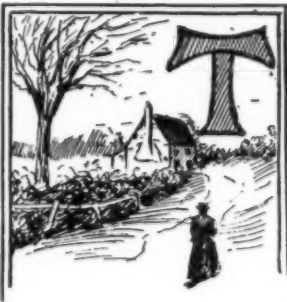
is himself again; then his style is singularly in contrast with what it is in respect to points of personality or of sentiment. His expressions of regard and admiration are as high-flown as if they belonged to a Spanish romance; his discussions are clear and close. It is hard to understand how the same man could be the writer of all these letters."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The Living Wesley*, p. 50. Long afterwards, Wesley, referring to the plainness of his style—"I could even now write as floridly as even the admired Dr. Blair; but I dare not. . . . I dare no more write in a fine style than wear a fine coat. . . . Let who will admire the French frippery, I am still for plain, sound English."—*Pref.* to second four vols. of *Sermons*.

(To be continued.)

## The Pastor's Account Book 1768—1780

BY A. M<sup>C</sup>I. CLELAND



HE subject of this article is rather an exception to the general run of account books. The successive entries, in minute caligraphy, following one another

week by week, and month by month, are very much more than mere items of incomings and outgoings. They tell of the heroic efforts made by one who had the highest ideas of his duty to his neighbour. The faded leaves, with their sweet odour of the past, contain a record of the generous deeds of one by no means overburdened with this world's goods. But the entries are not made in any spirit of boastfulness or self-glorification. Here and there the reverend accountant uses a variety of home-made shorthand, evidently desirous that even those of his own house should be kept in ignorance of his acts of charity, should they by chance light upon the book.

The book itself is a small volume, less than an inch in thickness, strongly bound

in rough leather of a dark khaki tone. The binding has a warmth of feeling about it which is surely a glowing pulsation of love and charity from the pages within. No miserly man would select an account-book possessed of such a comforting touch. The paper is yellow with age, the ink faded, with the columns ruled off in pale red ink as required.

In brief, it is the book in which the Reverend Joshua Symonds, of the Old Meeting, Bedford, kept a record of his income and his Poor's Account from the year 1768 till the year 1780. His method, as we shall see, was not founded on a sound financial basis; there was far more of the heart than of the head in Joshua Symonds' system of book-keeping.

The town of Bedford, charmingly situated on the banks of the sluggish Ouse, and in the midst of the fertile vale from which the town takes its name, is chiefly famous as the scene of the last ministrations of the "Inspired Tinker." On August 31, 1688, John Bunyan's pilgrim's progress was over, and the congregation of the Old Meeting looked about for worthy shoulders on which to place his mantle.

The members of the Old Meeting evidently disliked changes. John Bunyan's successor reigned from 1689 till his death in June

## The Pastor's Account Book

1747. He was followed by his assistant, the Rev. Samuel Sanderson, who occupied the pulpit of the Old Meeting till January 1766. On his death the choice of the congregation fell on the Rev. Joshua Symonds, a young man just through his academical course.

Mr. Symonds was invited to Bedford first for a few weeks, then for a year on probation (the Old Meeting people being cautious and prudent), and was at last finally asked to become pastor of the congregation. This was about June 1767. Finding himself now in a sufficiently good position to take unto himself a wife, he chose an excellent partner, Miss Elizabeth Kingsley, and together they settled down to all the ins and outs of married life on Tuesday, November 3, 1767. On the following New Year's Day the Account Book is begun.

Being a man of exceedingly generous impulses, and having now the full responsibility of a wife and the care of a house, he feels that he must recognise his duty to his household whilst at the same time not forgetting the claims of his poor. He therefore adopts a system which few modern householders would have courage to follow.

The Pastor's Account Book is divided into two portions. The cover is marked A and P, on front and back respectively. Portion A is devoted to items of income, portion P to items of poor relief. Both are preceded by a dedicatory memorandum.

On the first page of the Account Book the pious clerk writes—

"An Account of what I have received in Money & Presents since I first came to Bedford," following which are some particulars not of general interest.

He then adds—

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, & forget not these temporal benefits, of the least of which I am absolutely unworthy: but oh that these may not be my portion, but all be communicated in a way of covenant-love, through the channel of the Redeemer's mediation, blood, & intercession; & be a means of drawing my soul nearer to the fountain of all good in a way of gratitude & dependence, love & obedience."

The writing of the above is cramped, and the ink in parts so faded that a pocket magnifier is required to decipher it. But could any young couple begin the first New Year of their new life in a more praiseworthy fashion?

Now turn for a moment to the "Poor's Book. Begun 1768," the first page of which is embellished by eight suitable

quotations from Scripture. He then writes the following—

"Memorandum.—Jany. 1st, 1768.

"The Seventh part of my *whole* annual Income I solemnly devote to charitable Uses—as long as the Lord shall be pleased to afford me capacity & ability.

"This has been my general practice ever since I began to preach, & hope it will continue to be so through the interposition of a kind & indulgent Providence, & by the help of divine grace.

"Glory be to a good & gracious God for giving me an inclination & opportunity to contribute towards the supply of the indigent, & the relief of the distressed." \* \* \* \* \*

"The reason why I set down *what* & to *whom* I give is that my Donations, though inconsiderable, may be conducted with some degree of regularity, for want of which I find some inconvenience. But still it behoves me to watch & pray, that my left hand does not know what my right hand does." \* \* \* \* \*

And so the volume begins. In one half is entered, with scrupulous exactitude, every item of income in money or in kind; in the other half he conscientiously records every gift to his poor of whatever description.

Now what means did this large-hearted gentleman possess? One-seventh is a big slice out of any income. Was he a rich man who might well afford it, or a poor one whose life would spell self-denial even if it included that seventh? We can gather all necessary particulars from the Account Book.

Like a good and prudent merchant, the benevolent Pastor, on entering the serious business of matrimony, first takes stock of his estate. The Account Book begins with a list of "Presents about the time of our Marriage, in Bills or Cash," followed by an inventory of various articles of household gear, with the names of their donors.

The list of "Bills or Cash" is headed by a donation of twenty-one guineas from General Kingsley, whose name we shall meet again. Other members of the Kingsley family, with other friends, swell the total sum in "Bills or Cash" to nearly fifty pounds.

The gifts in kind include, among others, "a complete sett of white China & 6 coloured Cups & Saucers;" a humble retainer, Betty Anstie, presents "a Tea-Kettle"; other friends send "pewter, value £2 10s.," "a pair of fine sheets;" "a feather-bed, 2 pillows, 2 tablecloths, 6 napkins, 6 pewter plates;" "a china-bason, 2 waiters, 2 silver spoons, a pie-board, a rolling-pin, &c. &c.;" while at the end of the list we read that "I recd. from my hond. Mother 2 guineas & 2

## The Pastor's Account Book

pair of sheets & 13 pewter plates." So the young couple lacked little in the way of pewter.

Mrs. Wilberforce, of Wimbledon, also sends a suitable gift. This lady was the "serious" and Methodistical aunt with whom the future Slave Emancipator spent some of his early years, and to whose sweet influence his after life owed so much.

The Pastor then enters some particulars of his own and his wife's fortunes, from which we gather that the thrifty partner of his future joys and sorrows was dowered with £200 invested in the Stocks; besides £53 in hand. He adds, but with thoughtful delicacy, "She has also in prospect upon the death of a person £87 10s." He then tells us that "what we expended in the purchase of household goods here & at London—as also what we expended at the time of our marriage—and in our journey down, &c., &c.," amounted to more than £100. Having furnished the house and commenced the new life, "we had when we began house-keeping (which was upon Tuesday, 17th Nov. 1767), about £50."

So the New Year begins, the Seventh is dedicated to the Poor, and the young couple start forward full of hope and courage. That their hopes were justified and their courage unabated we have many evidences in the faded pages before us.

At the end of the first year the Pastor's income amounted to a little under £136. He writes, when balancing on December 31, "Recd. this Year by way of salary £86 6s. 6d., besides 2 funeral sermons & also besides what I recd. from Mrs. King, Mrs. Halsey & A. Z. Total from People £91 6s."

Next year's income is within a few shillings of the same amount, the People giving about £3 more, but meantime household expenses have increased greatly. Nevertheless he can write on Balancing Day, "Blessed be the Lord, who hath crowned the year with his goodness, & loaded us with his benefits."

Now let us glance for a moment at the Account and Poor's Book for the first two or three years, noting at the outset that the Poor always get their portion; their seventh is secured to them, in either money or kind, no matter what other demands are made on the slender purse.

"A regular Account of *all* I receive by way of Salary or Present," heads the first page of Portion A, the salary including

funeral fees. Once he received half-a-guinea for baptising a child, a most unusual event, which, he tells us in a note opposite the item, never happened either before or since; and he is occasionally feed for special sermons at other Meetings.

A little estate left him by his father brings in a varying amount per annum. Some investments in stocks and in private hands add slightly to the income, which is further swelled by an annual collection by the people.

Then the mysterious Mr. A. Z.<sup>1</sup> appears occasionally with his five guineas. Best of all, perhaps, "Hond. Father & Mother," aunts, cousins, sisters and brothers, frequently remember the struggling little household in Angel St., and drop many a half or quarter guinea into the family exchequer.

Each of these items is entered in the Account Book. Even an occasional farthing is duly noted and conscientiously carried forward to the end of the year.

But it is in the miscellaneous gifts, the "Presents," that the greatest interest lies. These, as might be expected, are delightfully varied, articles of food being much in evidence. Among the latter are such as the following, which are set down exactly as they appear, each item preceded by the name of the donor.

"A bald rib of pork; a roasting Pig (10 lbs.); qr. lb. of 12sh. Tea; 2 Cods & 2 Lobsters; a sage Cheese; 7 Apricocks; Mr. Charles brot. us 6 Pigeons from a person near Biggleswade; sevl. potatoes; 10 Oysters; Barrel of Oysters, carr. pd.; Plumbs &c.; a fat Duck; 6 Artichokes; some Kidney-Beans; 2 nice Fowls, a Goose. N.B. all these 3 ready picked; a Loaf of fine Sugar; Mrs. Pridden, Sauces; 2 onz. Coffee;" and so on.

Nothing is too trivial, nothing too small for the generous heart to acknowledge.

Three of his humble retainers wish to show their gratitude, so they follow the harvesters, and we have the entry: "Eliz. Kirby & Mary Careless a Cake each from yr. gleanings. Martha Crocket wheat twice for frummit." The names of the first two dames appear with great regularity in the Poor's Book.

Other gifts are of a more lasting nature. In November, 1768, Mr. Dunton sends "a wooden horse to saw upon, & a Chopping Block," adding later on "an Ax & a Mallet, & before this a Beetle." Then the Pastor possessing a "wooden horse" must needs

<sup>1</sup> Probably John Howard the Prison Philanthropist, then a member of the Congregation.—J. B.

## The Pastor's Account Book

have something to exercise it and his "Ax" upon, so we read "Messrs. Casterson, Malden, & Ayres each the carriage of a load of wood. N.B. Mr. Casterson 2 loads;" and again, "Mr. Steward of Clapham a load of faggots & hardwood." And in order to give the Pastor time to become proficient in the somewhat difficult art of core splitting, Mr. Dunton thoughtfully adds a further gift of "a parcel of Chips."

"A Floor-Cloth; a Carpet; a Bottle of Eye Water & a Box of Snuff; a 12s. Hat," with many other gifts of like kind, appear on the list.

And as each successive Christmas comes round various liquors are left at the Pastor's door. "Gall. of Brandy; a Doz. Bottles of Wine; 13 Bottles of Tavern Wine; a Qt. of Alder Wine; Shrub, 2 Galls.; 2 Doz. of Cyder; 2 Galls. of Cowslip Wine," and so on. But let it not be imagined that these were solely devoted to Home Consumption; a glance at the Poor's Book shows us that the greater part was destined for Export.

In April, 1768, preparations are made to welcome a little stranger. So a shrine is erected and many dedicatory offerings are laid upon it, first in the field being Ann Corley, who presents "a little lace." This good dame had a very solid reason for being grateful to the Pastor. A month before some great trouble fell upon Ann, what it was exactly we are not told, but we can guess its gravity when we read in the Poor's Book, under date "1768, March 26, Ann Corley towards repairing their house £4 4s."

"Hond. Mother" runs Ann Corley very close in the race to the shrine. We read that in the month of June she presented "a Blanket, Doz. damask Clouts, a robe, a mantle, a cradle-quilt, 2 flannel coats, 2 shirts, 2 caps, 2 muslin handkerchiefs." Other friends are not backward, Mr. Calcroft laying on the shrine "a Chest of Drawers (Mahogy), a silver boat, & coral;" "Mrs. Ewer silver saucepan & pap-spoon value £1 18s." Another good dame sends "a basket, a robe, a blanket, a roller pin-cushion, a chimney-line, a silk handkerchief." Meanwhile those busy-bodies of aunts, cousins and sisters are not idle, and lay pecuniary offerings on the shrine with no stinting hands, all such sums being regarded as income. The juveniles of the congregation testify to their regard for their beloved pastor also, for we read, "July 8. Recd.

from a Collection from the young people &c. the preceding sabbath £5 11s. 2d."

The little ship is successfully launched on life's troubled stream, eager, no doubt, to partake of the many gifts so kindly provided, and the happy father writes, with an extra flourish, "Recd. from my much hond. Mother for the use of the Child," one guinea.

Very soon the little ship is christened, and we read "Eliz. Pollard for Betsey a Shilling; a ribbon & 3 play-things for Betsey." Even Dame Freelove, one of the Pastor's most regular indigents, has "a play-thing for Do;" while another frequent claimant on his charity, "Mrs. Basset, gave her a silver two pence & Molly Freelove a silver penny & also made her a bonnet;" and she seems to have rolled in ribbons and lace and coral strings.

Again, "Mother 2 Lobsters, a black silk cloak, linen skirt & 2 Caps all for Betsey!" Let us hope the "2 Lobsters" were diverted to some other channel. "Aunt Kingsley a blue sattin Bonnet." And on the 4th July, a Glorious Fourth, comes along Mrs. Negus, with "a Board-Chaise for Betsey."

Who can picture the pride and happiness of the good Pastor as he strolls along the High Street of Bedford, accompanied by his gentle wife, now Dame Symonds, wheeling in front of her the "Board-Chaise" wherein Betsey sits crowned with the "blue sattin Bonnet."

His purse is always open; his quick eye always ready to detect some needy creature; his heart attuned to sympathise with any tale of woe. Wherever he goes, whether up and down the High Street, or along the picturesque banks of the Ouse where the ships lay at anchor; or to the King's Mead where the public drank the waters of the saline spring; everywhere he finds some one ready, and willing, to relieve him of a portion of that Seventh.

Turning to the Poor's Book we note that its items are as miscellaneous in their nature as are the items in the Account Book, and its pages occupy by far the larger portion of the volume.

"In this Account," he says in the opening page, "I include not only the Money, but also the Cloaths, Food, Liquor & Books I give to the poor,—likewise the Dinners, &c. that people have here on a Lord's day, who come out of the country to hear the Word.—I also include the expence of entertaining Ministers, especially those in low circumstances,—& the expence of those Journeys I take for preaching



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the gospel, when I receive nothing of the people, which was the case in abundance of instances last Year.

"However these Articles were not taken into this Account till after my Marriage, when my own expenses began to increase.—

"N.B. the following Letters in this Column

—A B C D J M W—

"signify { Ale, Books, Clothes, Diet,  
Journays, Money, Wine,"

all the items being entered at their appropriate value.

And so, on the above satisfactory basis, Pastor Symonds sets forth to distribute his Seventh. He finds it a little difficult at first to harness himself to his system, for in less than three weeks after the start he has apparently jumped the traces. He writes, under date January 17th, 1768, "Several other donations about this time I cannot now recollect; but shall endeavour from this time to keep a regular Account."

The first name that appears in the Poor's Book is that of Hannah Bunyan, great-grand-daughter of the "Inspired Tinker," who receives diet and money to the value of one shilling. She retires in less than three years, perhaps her pilgrimage had ceased, but the honoured name is met with once more on the 4th of November, 1770, where we read, "Stone to Mr. Bunyan's Memory," half-a-guinea.

As might be expected, by far the greater number of his charities are bestowed on the indigent of Bedford, probably people connected with the congregation of the Old Meeting. Elizabeth Kirby, Widow Basset, Temperance Church, Elizabeth Freelove, Grace Paine, Robert Huckle, etc., appear early on the stage in the year 1768. Some of these (notably the Misses Freelove and Kirby, Master Robert, and the Widow) are still playing their little part in 1780, when the curtain drops on Vol. I.

Many of his retainers remain on his books for perhaps a year or two, then quietly make their exit, only to give place to others ever ready to avail themselves of the Pastor's liberality.

Certain of them call as regularly as the postman; Mary Camkin, for instance (generally alone, but sometimes accompanied by Mary Careless or Hannah Larkin), calls every week with praiseworthy regularity, and is presented with diet to the value of some few pence.

And naturally the ladies are more numer-

ous applicants than the members of the sterner sex, though the latter are by no means few in number. However, when the Pastor's desire to unburden himself of his Seventh became more widely known, the disproportion between the sexes is rectified.

The gentlemen do not always seem to have been treated so generously as the members of the weaker sex. "Chas. Thompson, ale, one halfpenny," would almost suggest that the Pastor doubted whether Mr. Thompson needed any assistance at all.

His charities were all-embracing, not being confined to Bedford or Bedford people. Here are a few items taken at random: "A poor Portuguese & 2 children," coppers and a little food; "for a youth that had broke his thigh 1s.;" "Rev. Mr. Finman of Butzen in Holland" stays with him for two days and goes away with half-a-guinea in his pocket; "2 poor Boys" a pennyworth of diet; "Mr. Davies a distressed Stranger 8d.;" "to Mr. Taylor who had greatly suffered by the fire at Stamford," half-a-crown. He goes to the House of Correction and distributes money to the miserable inmates there. "Alexander Brown, who had sustained a loss by Lightning," gets sixpence. "To Messrs. Marten's 2 ship wrec't merchants," cash: nine shillings, diet nine pence. "Rev. Mr. Howe's Orphans recommended by Mr. Clunie," half-a-guinea. "Men at work on the Road," one shilling; harvesters at work in the fields, diet and cash. "Pair of Slippers for Ministers, &c. who lodge here," is bought and its cost duly entered. "A poor man who had sustained a loss," feels his loss less keenly after a visit from the kindly Pastor. "Jas. Albert the Negro" has diet, and money to speed him on his journey to the value of half-a-guinea. "Jas. Albert the Negro," who also rejoiced in the name of Ukawsaw Gronniosaw, was the son of the West African King of Bournow. He appears, from his autobiography, to have been a man of peculiarly bright intelligence, who, after many adventures and devious wanderings, found himself at length in Holland. From thence he passed to England, and ultimately, when almost in the last extremity of poverty, fell into the hands of some kindly Quakers, and settled down in Kidderminster.

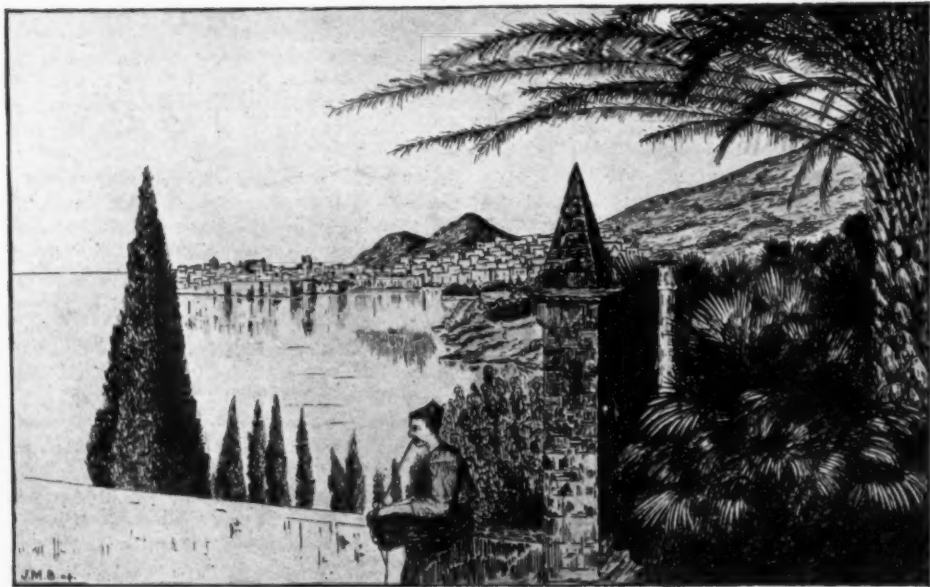
(To be continued.)



# Ragusa, the Pearl of the Adriatic

BY J. M. BLAKE

MEMBER OF THE AUSTRIAN ALPINE CLUB



RAGUSA

*Drawn by J. M. Blake*

IN the golden days of Venice her Doges used to sail forth in high state and toss a wedding-ring into the waves, plighting their city "Bride of the Adriatic" in mystical troth.

In that same splendid Long-ago, a playful mermaiden, watching from the blue depths the ways of men, caught the sparkling jewel as it sank and set it on her finger, and therewith pledged herself a slave of the queen city.

Bound by her sudden vow she swam southward, and clambering from the sea, crept with a curious grace on to the weathered rocks and made herself a home upon them. There she has lain basking in the sunlight ever since, dreaming backwards to the East, and with closed eyes turned towards the West, a beautiful contentment ever resting on her.

To-day she talks in her sleep, and to him whose senses are awake her words are filled with the whispered wisdom of the Mysterious Past. Within her dwells that strange spirit of the East which tricks analysis. Belgrade, Vienna, Buda-Pesth, London, Chicago hasten on, they know not whither, but always farther from the East.

She—Ragusa—lies still, and is content, on the capricious bosom of the Adriatic, pressed by its tides, but, like an unconscious sleeper, undisturbed.

The first hours of a June morning, after a heavy dew, will show you the wide white pavement of her central street, gleaming like mother-of-pearl, telling the deep secrets of the sea to the searching eyes of day.

Within the Main Gate, looking upon it solemnly, a Roman fountain of brave design and workmanship frowns the tired rugged frown of a sentry, and by the Southern Gate the ancient Mint-house of the days of the Republic blinks out through its mullioned eyes, and you can read upon its face the laughing skill of Italy, and the fancy of Arabia curbed by the Greek restraint.

One is quickly drawn into comradeship with the Past in such a place, and the graceful forms of the tall Dalmatians of to-day, awake since before sunrise, do nothing to loosen the spell as they hasten along upon the business of their life, like a silent stream of dark blue water. They are clad as if for a festival in brodered tunics, and, grandly belted, they carry round

## Ragusa, the Pearl of the Adriatic

their waists the various paraphernalia of the day's necessity, tools and money, and materials for unlimited cigarettes.

Eastward the morning hills stand solemn and inhospitable across the quiet sky, great slopes starting in the centre of the city, which once held safe a strip of Grecian country from the wild ravages of Illyria, and later saved a Roman land from the raids of the savage Slavs.

To-day they cleave the land of the Christian from the land of Mohammed, and just at the other side of them dwell men whose thoughts are separated from peace and good-will by barriers greater than any rocks or mountains could maintain.

All round the city and within it, down to the water's very edge, flowers delight in blooming. Aloes stretch forth their jagged

swords and tear the sea-winds into soft breezes. Tall oleanders persuade the whirling currents to be gentle, and they obey, and red acacias throw their fragrance on to them as they pass by, so that the day is filled with a sweetness and a peace which uplift the whole estate of life.

Is there perhaps some spot where the West with all its energy and the East with its deep calm meet face to face, where the East has halted, staying its foot while it should contemplate the West?

This, it may be, is that trysting-place, for here is a city all unselfconscious, out on the palpitating bosom of the changeful ocean, dreaming—as a pearl dreams in the sunshine—yet awake as commerce wakens men, a city of telephones and banks, of hotels and picture-postcards. Yet is it a city of great peace.

## A Disgrace to the Village

BY AMY WHIPPLE



WELL, a fooneal's an uncommon wisht 'casion any 'ow," commented Solomon Jessel of th' shop—own brother of Silas Jessel, farmer, of Thrapstone.

"But an improvin' one, Brother Jessel," said Billy Tresise, who, being undertaker as well as carpenter for the village, spoke with conviction.

"It may be that," replied Solomon dubiously, "but wisht it is, an' this 'ere's bin more'n usual—poor thing!"

"An' who's fau't's that?" snapped old Thomas Peters. "You didn' xpect Hattie Pedler wud 'ave a better fooneal than that, bein' wot she was."

"No, p'raps not," assented Solomon reluctantly, "but I mind when she was most bro't in—that time o' th' revival, you know—an' I think maybe if some'un 'ad took more trouble with 'er——"

"Trouble!" retorted Thomas, with a clap of his stick on the floor, "trouble! I s'pose there was the same wrastlin' in prayer for Har'yet Pedler as there was fer th' rest o' th' young folks."

"P'raps Hattie needed more'n th' rest," suggested Solomon, rather timidly, "an' more attention."

"Attention! An' she 'ad it, Brother Jessel; time arter time I 'dmonished 'an warned 'er 'gainst 'er flighty ways, 'er gew-gaws an' vanity; but 'twas all no good, so fer th' sake o' th' rest——"

"You turned 'er out," slipped in Billy Tresise slyly.

"An' why not?" asked Thomas Peters sharply. "Wot does th' Book say? 'Th' ungodly shall not stand in th' judgment, nor sinners in th' congregation o' th' righteous.'"

"Ess, sure, Thomas, that Psa'm's uncommon upliftin' to th' saints," retorted Billy; "but there's a scrap o' comfort fer th' worst o' sinners in th' 'under-an'-thirtieth. 'Out o' th' depths,' it says; an' we can't be lower'n that, I seem."

"An' wuden 'ee make no distinction 'tween——"

"—'Tween Hattie Pedler, a castaway

## A Disgrace to the Village

lass, an' Thomas Peters, a member o' S'ciety an' a Chapel steward?" put in Billy, who, although a frequent attendant at Ash-hill Chapel, had not been elected to an official post, and was apt to be jealous in consequence.

"Well, an' what then?" demanded Thomas, with an angry flush on his brow, and his mouth set in grim downward lines.

The discussion threatening to become heated, Solomon turned and with great

wind an' rain made 'un shiver, an' 'e gabbled over th' service so's no one knew where 'e was; an' Rob Pedler was there glowerin' like a savage, an' nobody to shed a tear but th' old mother—an' she's more'n 'alf daft. I saw 'er an' Rob goin' 'ome afterwards, an' 'e seemed to be naggin' at 'er all th' way."

"About th' little 'un, maybe," mused Solomon. "Did 'ee see anythin' ov it?"

"Yes," said Jim slowly, as if the



"SHE PUT THE LITTLE 'UN TO LOOK DOWN ON ITS MOTHER'S POOR COFFIN"

dexterity included Jim Deacon, a quiet-faced young man, in the conversation.

"You was one o' th' bearers, wasn't 'ee, Jim?" he asked.

"Yes, an', as you were sayin', it was a miserable business, sure enough. You see, th' Pedlers bein' out with th' Chapel folks, they asked th' Vicar to bury 'er, but 'e cudn'—ad an engagement or somethin'—so 'e sends old Mr. Hackle that used to be curate t' Plain-cross till 'e got too old fer it. Well, 'e was late, an' came puffin' an' pantin' out o' th' vestry, pullin' on 'is surplice all the way; then th' chill o' th'

remembrance pained him. "After Rob an' th' old woman were well away, I saw little Maggie Hearn slip roun' from behind a gravestone, where she'd been hidin', with a mite ov a baby in 'er arms—she'd tied bits o' black rag into th' sleeves ov its pinny—an' while old Martin was lookin' fer 'is shovel, she put the little 'un to look down on its mother's poor coffin, an' makes 'un throw th' daisies they'd bin pickin' in on 'er. It did me good to see th' kids, though I pretended not to notice 'em, fer I guess Maggie wasn't meant to show up th' cheeld there."

## A Disgrace to the Village

"Wot'll become o' th' little un?" queried Billy Tresise. "Rob Pedler ain't likely to keep it, an' 'e ain't boun' to."

"'E wuden be allowed to," said Thomas Peters with decision.

"Who'd stop 'un if 'e wanted to?" asked Billy. "'Tis 'is own sister's cheeld."

"The law," replied Thomas majestically; "as ov-verseer o' this 'ere parish I 'ope I know the law—that cheeld b'longed to Har'yet Pedler an' th' parish. Har'yet Pedler's dead, an' now the parish 'll take th' cheeld."

"But why shud 'ee take away th' little 'un if Rob Pedler's willin' to keep it?" asked Billy.

"Fer th' good o' th' village an' fer th' good o' th' cheeld," answered Thomas, with an emphatic thump of his stick. "Th' Pedlers 'ave al'ys been a disgrace to th' village—fa-ather an' son, mother an' daughter; an' now 'ere's another, born a disgrace, you may say. But this one shall be took charge on by they whose place it is to see it bro't up decently, or my name ain't Thomas Peters;" and with a gruff "good-night," the old man took leave of his neighbours.

"I wuden like to be in Peters' shoes if 'e tackles Rob Pedler," laughed Billy Tresise, as he too went his way.

Meanwhile Rob Pedler—quarryman by trade, and scamp and ruffian generally—was slouching homeward, taking no heed of the little old woman trotting by his side, who prattled plaintively of poor Hatty, her youngest born.

"My on'y gel, Rob," she said, glancing up timidly into the lowering face above her.

"An' a good job too," growled Rob, without looking at her.

By this time they had reached their home, a low cottage by the bridge; a ragged garden lay before the house, a raggeder one behind. No sign of a man's industry outside, or of a woman's care in the room where Maggie Hearn sat rocking the baby to and fro, having hurried home from the churchyard by a short cut. With a frightened look at Rob she gave up her charge to its grandmother, and slipped hastily from the cottage—every one was afraid of Rob Pedler. The old woman sat just where she was in the middle of the disorderly kitchen, hushing the little one to sleep.

"Come, put that wretched brat down

somewhere, an' get me summat to eat," Rob ordered, flinging himself into a chair before the hearth, and kicking the smouldering embers together.

Laying the baby down on some cushions in the corner of the broad settle, the old woman took off her bonnet and shawl and made haste to obey her son's behest, while the baby, being hungry, but used to it, sucked its tiny fist and smiled a patient smile. When the meal was ready, Rob pulled his chair to the table, and did ample justice to the food his mother had provided; he did not notice she ate nothing, but was busily occupied warming something in a small saucepan. But he knew when she filled the baby's bottle with the mixture, and, seating herself with the little one on her lap, chuckled delightedly as it puckered its tiny face and sucked with all its puny strength.

Old Cat'ern Pedler was not as bright as she once had been, and had forgotten most things; but she hadn't forgotten how to talk to a baby and to cuddle and feed it, and pat its back gently when the food went the wrong way, and with many ingenious devices soothe it into placid content.

The baby was a poor specimen of its kind, but it had a wonderful smile, and now, being full and comfortable, it smiled into its grandmother's wrinkled face. It did not know the face was dirty and tear-stained, and old and ugly; it smiled into Rob's face, that was uglier still, but the baby knew nothing of the sin that made it so.

"A bonny boy," murmured the old woman, "granny's beauty, 'er little Rob."

"It ain't called Rob, don't call th' brat by my name," growled Rob Pedler as he lit his pipe.

"Did I call 'un Rob? I forgot," said his mother. "I thought 'twas you; th' pretty's uncommon like you when you was a babbly."

"Me like that!" snarled Rob, with a derisive laugh, and then he looked at the baby more directly than he had since his dying sister brought it there—he, big, stalwart, daring Rob Pedler, like that! That helpless, wizen-faced atom! But did all babies smile at you, and look you through and through, with wide blue eyes full of something you could not understand—something you had lost long ago?

Rob Pedler turned his head away and



## A Disgrace to the Village

went out to spend the rest of the evening at the White Horse, with a full determination to send "the kid" to the Union on the morrow.

Thomas Peters, overseer of the parish of St. Bredoc, in which parish Little Ashby was situated, had also decided on the course he should pursue with reference to Harriet Pedler's baby: it should go to the Union, there to be brought up in the way it should go—and the sooner the better. So Thomas, putting on his second-best coat and his "high hat," as befitting an official occasion, took his way to the Pedlers' cottage. Rob would be at work, but it was easier to settle these things with the women; of course old Cat'ern would be only too glad to be rid of such a burden.

Thomas twisted his face into an expression of disgust as he lifted the latch of the rickety gate, and tramped up the broken uneven footpath, glancing this way and that at the desolate patches of garden ground, choked with weeds and vegetables run to seed. He had raised his stick to knock imperatively at the half-open door, when the quavering notes of a lullaby struck on his ear—

"Hush-a-by baaby on th' tree-top,  
When th' wind blows th' cradle will rock—"

The voice that sang was very old and weak, but there was a sweetness in it still.

Thomas stepped softly into the entry and peeped into the room on the left; a kitchen, and not a very tidy one, for Cat'ern had been obliged to stop her morning's work to hush the baby to sleep, and now sat on a low chair before the hearth, gently rocking her knees to and fro cradle-fashion, and crooning the ancient lullaby. The old woman and baby looked so peaceful and happy that Thomas's first movement was towards the door—he would not disturb them to-day; then the spirit of the overseer of the parish of St. Bredoc came upon him, and he raised his stick and let it fall with decision on the door.

Cat'ern Pedler stopped her singing instantly and called "Come in," while the baby started broad awake and fixed astonished eyes on the new-comer.

Thomas took the chair to which he was bidden, coughing vigorously by way of gaining time; the subject was not as easy to open as he had thought.

"Well, Mrs. Pedler," he began, "I

called to see 'ow you're gettin' on 'ere arter th' sad doin's yesterday."

"Thank 'ee kindly, Mr. Peters, I'm nicely. Sad—yes, 'twas sad 'bout my Hatty, wasn't it? My on'y gel, Mr. Peters."

"Ah, she shud 'a' bin a comfort to 'ee in yer old age," said Thomas.

"Ay, I'm gettin' old now—so are you, Thomas Peters," said Mrs. Pedler with surprising suddenness; "us was boy an' gel together. Do 'ee mind?"

"Oh yes," said Thomas hastily; "but that was a long time ago. As you say, you're gettin' old—too old to be troubled with children."

"'E ain't a bit o' trouble, bless 'un," mumbled the old woman; "'tis company-like. I wuden' part with 'un fer th' world."

"I dessay you're fond ov th' little 'un," proceeded Thomas with caution, "an' do yer best, but I—we was thinkin' 'twould be better fer th' cheeld if we took 'un."

"We!" echoed the old woman. "You, Thomas Peters, an' yer old sister Nancy, do 'ee mean? Fancy you an' Nancy brin'in' up a cheeld!" And Cat'ern Pedler laughed shrilly at the notion.

Thomas Peters, flushing angrily, rose from his chair.

"I was speakin' as one o' th' ov-verseers o' the parish o' St. Bredoc. I s'pose you know that babby b'longs to us."

"It don't! 'Tis my Hatty's!" gasped Cat'ern, "an' Hatty was my on'y gel," she finished vaguely.

"Your daughter, Har-yet Pedler, is dead, an' now 'er cheeld b'longs to th' parish, an' th' parish is ready to brin' it up respectable."

To this Mrs. Pedler had no answer to make, she could only hug the mite in her arms, murmuring, th' pretty was Hatty's, and now it was hers, and no one should take it from her; so at last Thomas Peters, unable to make any impression on her feeble intellect, left her to continue her lullaby, saying he should see Rob and settle the matter with him.

Now Mrs. Pedler was but a feeble soul in mind and body, but inspiration comes sometimes to the weakest.

Sitting with the baby in her lap, an idea came to her that Rob—her savage, truculent son Rob—was the only buffer between her and the parish that would take her treasure from her. If she could only win Rob over to the baby's side! To Thomas Peters "the Union" might mean



## A Disgrace to the Village

the baby's salvation from all that was morally and physically wrong; to Mrs. Pedler these high considerations were as nothing—the baby was Hatty's, and Hatty was hers; she would not give it up. It was then the inspiration came to her—Rob must find his home pleasanter because of the baby.

Happily for the carrying out of her project, the baby fell asleep, and stayed so for some hours, tucked up in Mrs. Pedler's bed.

Then the old woman went briskly to

Rob should meet the overseer's advances with civility; but it is one thing to wish to do a thing yourself, and another thing to be forced to do it.

"You send any o' yer kidnappers sneakin' roun' my place, Thomas Peters, an I'll wring their necks!" was Rob's parting salute; so it may be imagined the overseer's proposal had not been met in an amicable fashion.

Angry with his dead sister, his mother, Thomas Peters, the baby, everything, Rob



"'E'D STAY 'OME EVENIN' AFTER EVENIN' MAKIN' TOYS FER TH' LITTLE CHAP"

work, sweeping, scrubbing, and dusting, until windows, floors, and tables took on a brighter aspect; and not only that, but a savoury odour from the pot swung over the bright fire of wood and peat told that a toothsome meal was in course of preparation.

Rob Pedler had been more than usually morose and taciturn that day, and in no mood to meet any one so antagonistic to him as Thomas Peters; yet so it happened.

Now as Rob had decided to send his sister's child to the Union, and Thomas Peters had as firmly determined it should go there, it seemed but reasonable that

drew near his home. He had half a mind to turn into the White Horse, and spend all the evening there instead of part as he usually did. His home, such as it was, would be worse than ever now, his mother's time would be taken up with the brat, she'd forget everything else like a child with a new toy.

Rob was not very observant, so he did not notice the clean window and window-blinds; the first thing he was conscious of was the ruddy light of a bright fire, and an appetising smell of a savoury repast. He quickened his steps and stood within the kitchen. The room was fresh and

## A Disgrace to the Village

tidy as he had not seen it for years, a white cloth was spread on the well-scrubbed table; his mother, her poor shabby gown covered by a clean apron, was watching the bubbling pot with smiling satisfaction. Her pitiful attempt to improve her own appearance was visible in the white hair smoothed decently away under her cap, and the redness imparted to her withered cheeks by an unusually vigorous application of soap and water.

The baby, well washed too, was lying in the old place in the corner of the settle, weakly playing with a broken toy.

Rob pretended to be oblivious of the improvement in his surroundings, although his mother glanced wistfully at him as if waiting for him to speak; and dished up his supper with a little air of triumph and a childish chuckle, breaking into gurgles of delight when he called for a second plateful.

Rob's hunger satisfied, he felt somewhat less at variance with the world and inclined for conversation.

"You've bin workin' to-day," he said shortly.

"Ess, sure," replied his mother, with an amazing show of cheerfulness. "I ain't past work, Rob; an' if I do forget things I ought to remember, I ain't forgot 'ow to right up a 'ouse an' make things comfortable fer a man, 'ave I? An' as fer th' pretty there"—Rob's eyes had wandered to the child—"e ain't no trouble at all, as I told Thomas Peters, on'y company."

"Thomas Peters bin 'ere too, 'ave 'e; an' wot did 'e say?"

"'E said," cried the old woman, "that us cuden' take care ov our own flesh an' blood, an' cuden' bring 'im up respectable; 'e said th' baby was Hatty's, and now she was dead it b'longed to th' par-ish, and the par-ish shud 'ave it—that's wot Thomas Peters said."

"An' Rob Pedler sez th' parish shan't 'ave it! An' why? Just because Thomas Peters sez it shall; an' they that comes arter th' kid 'll 'ave to reckon wi' me!"

"Oh, Rob," gasped old Cat'ern, sinking back in her chair, white and trembling. The hard work and anxiety of the day had tried her sorely, but she had laughed through it all; now the success of her little scheme brought a rush of tears to her faded eyes.

She tried to stop them lest Rob should be angry, he hated tears. But somehow

Rob bore a great deal that evening, even growling out a suggestion that a "cup o' tea" would do his mother good. He did not seek the White Horse either, but, changing his coat, drew his chair to the fire, and with his feet stretched out towards the blaze dozed the evening away; and Mrs. Pedler dozed too, with the baby soundly slumbering in her arms—not an intellectual group, but a peaceful one.

Some six months later, in the days of early spring, there was a gentle stir in Little Ashby. Another funeral—but this time no bitter words were said; women glanced from their doors as it passed, and wiped away their tears, as they hugged their babies closer and kissed their rosy faces.

"'Ave 'ee bin up there?" asked Solomon Jessel of Jim Deacon, indicating the direction of the churchyard with a jerk of his thumb.

"Yes," answered Jim; "Rob asked me."

"Most o' th' chapel folk went, I reckon?" queried Solomon.

"Yes, most all, an' Mr. Penny took th' service," answered Jim; "'twas bootiful—so hopeful. 'E read 'Suffer little children,' an' th' little 'uns from th' schule carr'd th' bit ov a coffin an' strewed flowers over it, an' sang their little hymns. 'Twas uncommon comfortin'."

"There was somethin' about that baby, seemin' to me, differ'nt from most," mused Solomon.

"So there was," assented Jim; "I was thinkin' so as I looked at Rob Pedler an' saw th' tears runnin' down 'is face, an' 'e not ashamed ov 'em either. That mite ov a baby's made a decent man ov Rob."

"'Twas a weakly little scrap from th' first," interposed Solomon.

"But stronger'n you or me," said Jim with emphasis; "we cuden' 'a' kept Rob from th' White Horse, yet 'e'd stay 'ome evenin' after evenin' makin' toys fer th' little chap; we cuden' 'a' stopped Rob usin' foul words, but 'e told me hisself an oath seemed to choke 'im if th' baby was there. We cuden' 'a' made old Cat'ern Pedler forget 'er troubles as that baby did; an' even Thomas Peters gived into it, they say, when th' little 'un smiled in 'is 'ard old face one day. There was somethin' 'bout that baby as makes me glad; yes, glad, Solomon, that 'tis gone back again before—you know what I mean."

"Ess, sure," said Solomon gravely; "but p'raps 'twasn't never intended to stay."

# THE ROYAL ARTILLERY



BATTERY, ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY

*Photographs by A. and G. Taylor*

THE 50,000 and more members of the present Royal Artillery, whether they be horse, or field, or garrison, or mountain artillery, form one regiment, and it is by far the largest one in the British Army. It was not until the year 1716 that such a regiment formally appeared on the Army List, though of course by that time the cannon was a vital part of every campaign. The previous history of the artillery is an exceedingly interesting page of our general history, and this quite independently of the immediate military

interest. It is a striking illustration of that slow growth of our institutions from an incoherent and loosely-strung service to an ever-increasing condition of law and order. In the year 1344 there is a record that the English King had in his service twelve gunners and seven armourers. It will be the object in this paper to briefly sketch the growth of the artillery from that modest beginning.

It was in 1331, during one of the German raids into Italy, that cannons first appeared on the field of battle; and, as we might



OFFICERS AND NON-COMS., X BATTERY, ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY

## The Royal Artillery



TAKING POST ON GUN, ROYAL GARRISON ARTILLERY, AT THE TOWER OF LONDON

naturally expect, it was for siege purposes that they were first used. It would be impossible to more vividly express the stupendous growth of things than by showing one of those little toy guns that were dragged, on their flat sleighs, before the walls of Civitate to pound them with the stone balls that were then alone used; and then to turn to the terrific siege weapons that at the very moment of writing are almost certainly reducing the works of Port Arthur to primitive dust. But to the men of those days they were far from toys, and the wondrous tale so rapidly spread throughout Europe that two years later we find our Edward using them against Berwick, and immediately afterwards in his Flemish and French campaigns. At

Cressy, in 1346, the fire of a few small cannon struck panic to the enemy's heart: it was not that they, in fact, did much damage, it was the appalling novelty of it all; in just exactly the same way that the elephants of Pyrrhus terrified the Roman soldiers at the battle of Heraclea. The mediæval soldier began by regarding the new instrument of war as a living thing; the cannons were spoken of as distinct individuals, and each had its own name. We read of "John Evangelist"—it would scarcely be of "good tidings" to the enemy—the "Red Sun"; and "Mons Meg" is known to every visitor of Edinburgh Castle to this day. At first we made our guns of strange material, of wood, or even of leather; iron bars or hoops kept the rickety

affair together, and even then the gunners were almost as likely to blow themselves up as to damage any one else. It was not until almost 200 years after their introduction, that a cannon was actually made in England; in 1521 the first was cast, and that of brass. In 1543 it is recorded



GROUP OF OFFICERS, ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY

(Lieut.-Colonel W. L. H. Paget in centre.)



## The Royal Artillery

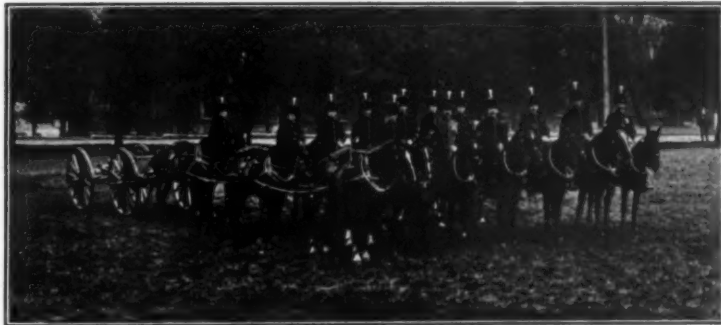


MEN AT GUN SIGHTING, ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY

that three foreigners cast the first English iron cannon at Buxted in Sussex, for that was the centre of the iron industry until the quite modern system of coal-smelting. It was in the same year that the first shell was made; it was to be hurled out of an eleven-inch mortar, and the records describe it as a "certain hollow shot of cast-iron, to be stuffed with fire-works, whereof the bigger sort had screws of iron to receive a match, and carry fire to break in small pieces the same hollow shot, whereof the smallest piece hitting a man would kill or spoil him."

During the Wars of the Roses cannons

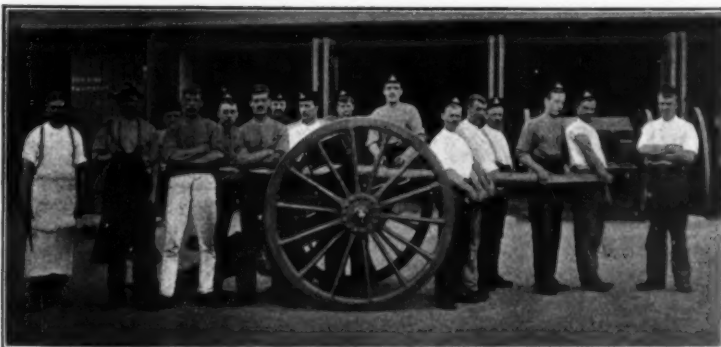
were occasionally used on both sides; and by the time of the great Civil War of the Stuart days they were an inevitable part of warfare throughout Europe. But all



TROOP AND GUN, ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY

this time the artillery-man was scarcely considered to be a soldier; such permanent gunners as there were lived chiefly at the Tower of London under the nominal control of the Master of the Ordnance.

Even this last individual was not necessarily of a martial turn of mind, for we read of one in the Tudor days who held office—according to the letters patent appointing him—because he could make "pleasant and warlike fire-works." In



GUN DISMOUNTING, ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY



## The Royal Artillery



RANGE-FINDERS, ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY

Edward VI.'s reign there were 58 "feed gunners" at the Tower under the orders of the Master Gunner; but the reader will be surprised to learn that the warrants of appointment state their ages as anything between 64 and 92 years. Indeed, these elderly gentlemen generally bought their offices as an investment for old age, or they received them as a slight return for political services. Naturally, they knew little of guns and powder; and if they had any trade in the neighbourhood of the Tower, no obstacles were placed in the way of their attending to such. The provincial garrisons had also their gunners, who were chosen from the "feed" men of the Tower—we presume from the younger members. When war broke out it was the duty of the Master of Ordnance to provide the where-withal; and amongst other things the artillery which he had stored away in time of peace. To man these guns he formed

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what was called a "train" of artillery; and having but few permanent gunners at his hand, it was, of course, necessary to find the bulk of the company elsewhere. So men were engaged temporarily for the expedition in question, and at the end of it they went back to their normal work. There are many detailed accounts of such trains;

for example, that of the year 1544 mentions 209 gunners and 157 artificers, and with them goes "John Verig, the overseer of the King's great mares for the train of artillery," accompanied by two guides for the said mares.

But after the restoration of 1660, the use of cannon was becoming of too great importance to be left in the charge of men rapidly approaching their hundredth birthdays. Woolwich was gradually rising into importance as an artillery depôt, for in 1672 was laid the foundation-stone of the



GUN-SHED AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY

## The Royal Artillery

laboratory "for receiving fire-works." The office of "chief fire-master" was instituted, and the first holder received the honour of knighthood, and liked his work so well that he did not go out with the King and Government in 1688.

In 1672 the first great Master-General of Ordnance was appointed, Colonel Legge, afterwards the Earl of Dartmouth. The system of artillery organisation introduced by this man continued until after 1800. Few better State officials have served their country. He began his work by a tour around the garrisons of England; like all wise heads of departments, he wanted to see things for himself. He generally omitted to announce the date of his arrival, so it happened that the Master Gunner of the place had often to explain as clearly as he could why he had been drawing from the State purse the pay of subordinate gunners who died many years ago, but the lamented event had been overlooked in his reports. When it is remembered that these local gunners and the few men at the Tower made up the whole permanent artillery staff, which formed the expert basis for the "trains" that were formed in time of war, then the shadowy condition of British



BEDDING DOWN, ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY

Gunnery can be realised. After Legge's inspections there very quickly followed that Royal Warrant of 1682 which is a landmark in the history of our regiment. The beginning is well worth quoting—

"Whereas our Royal progenitors established the number of 100 Gunners with a yearly fee payable out of the Exchequer, and finding that divers of them were such as were not taught nor trained up in the practice and knowledge of the art of Gunnery, but men of other professions, and that by reason of their receiving their fees by virtue of these patents out of the Exchequer, they had not attended to their duties, and also that the place of such Gunners and Matrosses were commonly bought and sold to such as would give most money, though very unfit for the said employments, whereby great inconvenience and disappointment were occasioned." Therefore the order lays down certain reforms that are to be introduced: amongst other things the Gunners are to be exercised twice a week in summer and once in winter; they are to be reduced to



GROOMING HORSES, ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY

## The Royal Artillery



MAJOR P. E. GRAY, COMMAND-  
ING X BATTERY, ROYAL  
HORSE ARTILLERY

from the Ordnance department, and a trained gunner or two to overlook the firing, the whole train is simply engaged for the job, so to speak. The drivers of the horses are not even sworn as soldiers; indeed, they seem to have been picked up from the country-side as the army went. It was with these rather promiscuous "trains" that Marlborough fought through his great wars. In the first campaign, that of 1702, the train of artillery contained 34 guns. He himself held the post of Master-General of Ordnance.

We now arrive at the year 1716. The Scotch Rebellion of 1715 had found the English Artillery-men entirely inefficient, for two years had elapsed since the Peace

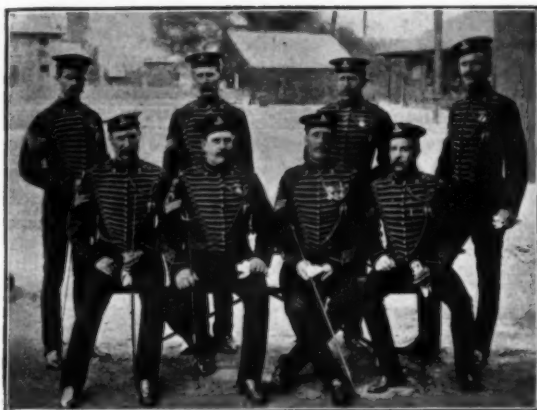
of Utrecht, and the last "train" was long since disbanded. It was clearly seen that the Artillery "train" must be a permanent body, continually practising its work. So on May 26, 1716, two companies of gunners were enrolled, and with these the regiment began its regular career. It is interesting to note that its first Colonel was a Dane, Albert Borgard by name, and never has there been a man more fitted for the post. Captain Duncan, the historian of the regiment, tells how devoted this man was to his work of training the men to the highest point of skill. He treated his profession as a science, and would appear to have fought with the impartiality of a philosopher. His first work as Colonel was the bombardment of Vigo in Spain, and Duncan observes that, "judging from the entry in his diary, he was far more pleased by the success of his inventions and improvements in the *matériel* of his train than by the surrender of the enemy." It was at this same time that the Superintendent of the gun-foundries was a Swiss named Schalech, who did his work so well that not a single gun burst during his sixty years of office.

To return to the foundation of the regiment; it was still to be under the control of the Master of Ordnance; it was not until 1783 that the Master Gunner ceased to be on the Civil List; and until 1751 the commissions of the officers were signed by the Master-General instead of the King. Again, the drivers of the gun-horses were for long mere camp-followers, and unsworn; if they deserted there was nothing but the Civil Law to touch them; it was only in 1793, when the first troop of Royal Horse Artillery was formed, that the driver became a soldier and subject to military



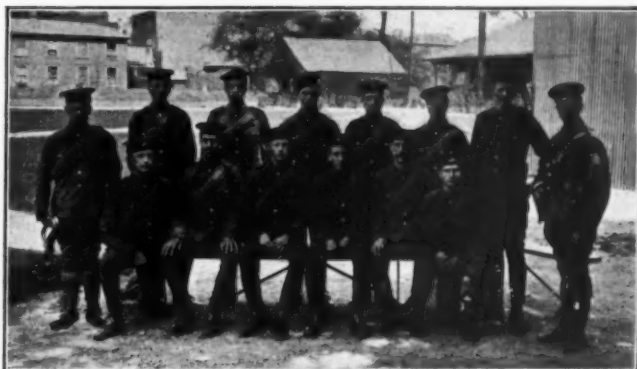
NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY

## The Royal Artillery



SERGEANTS, ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY

law. Then again, the early theory was that the Artillery should be attached to a division of the army; and with this division the guns were to advance, and with it fall back; in other words, the Artillery was not an independent branch. The absurdity of this seems obvious now, nevertheless it was not until 1871 that the order of the then Commander-in-Chief formally laid down the rule that the field battery must often act unrestrained by the movements of the Infantry and Cavalry Arms. It is hard to realise that it took so many years of experience to grasp the fact



GUNNERS AND DRIVERS, ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY

passed in its annals. Two hundred thousand rounds were discharged, and new devices were invented to meet new circumstances.



SHOEING SMITHS, ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY

Red-hot shot was used for the first time; and it was Captain Mercier—not of the Artillery, by the bye—who then suggested that a shell could be fired from the ordinary cannon if a smaller charge were used; until this time shells had only been fired from mortars and howitzers. It was in the

## The Royal Artillery

September of 1792 that the grand attack came, and 400 guns were being fired at the same moment, the most terrible bombardment that the world had then known.

It was after the siege of Flushing that the senior officer of the Artillery tried to enforce the traditional right, as chief of his regiment, to the church bells of the captured town. The mayor at first acknowledged the claim, but pleaded poverty, and the General offered to take £500 in ransom. The mayor, seeing that the claim was seriously to be pushed, indignantly denied any rights, when the General offered to take £100 as a bare acknowledgment of the regimental tradition. The mayor appealed to the English Court, and, what is more, he won, and from that time we have

no further records of a somewhat undignified and mercenary claim.

The tactics of Artillery make an engrossing subject; it is most interesting to trace the gradual growth from the stolid manœuvres of the early days, when the guns advanced to open the battle by a few rounds, but were too cumbersome to go further forward, and if it was the enemy that chanced to advance, then the guns were captured at once. It was at the battle of Warburg, in 1760, that Captain Phillips astonished the whole army by bringing up the guns at a gallop; and in 1793, as was stated above, the Royal Horse Artillery was first formed for the very purpose of galloping. And so the growth goes on both in tactics and in guns.

## By-paths in Nature

BY FRANK STEVENS

AUTHOR OF "ADVENTURES IN HIVELAND"

*Illustrated by Frank Percy Smith*

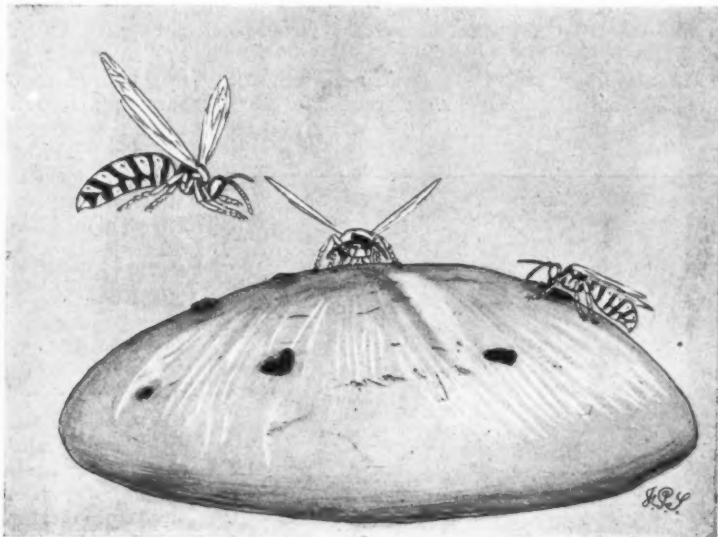
### IV.—THE FORTUNES OF WIDOW WASP

THE Philistine has been complaining of the weather: he hates the month of March; not without reason, for the days are bleak and cheerless and the winds

rage with the fury of the traditional lion. But there is much good in this same blustering, boisterous month, for it brings to us the first timid flowers of spring—pale primroses

and golden gorse—welcome fore-runners of the mad riot of bloom which will soon occur.

The catkins hang in silver silken coats upon the palm-willow, to be studded later with golden dots of pollen. Then the insects will awake and rub their eyes in right earnest, for sweet luscious honey may be had for the toil of gathering, and what better or more palatable diet could a self-respecting insect desire?



WASPS IN THE PASTRY-COOK'S, EATING A BUN



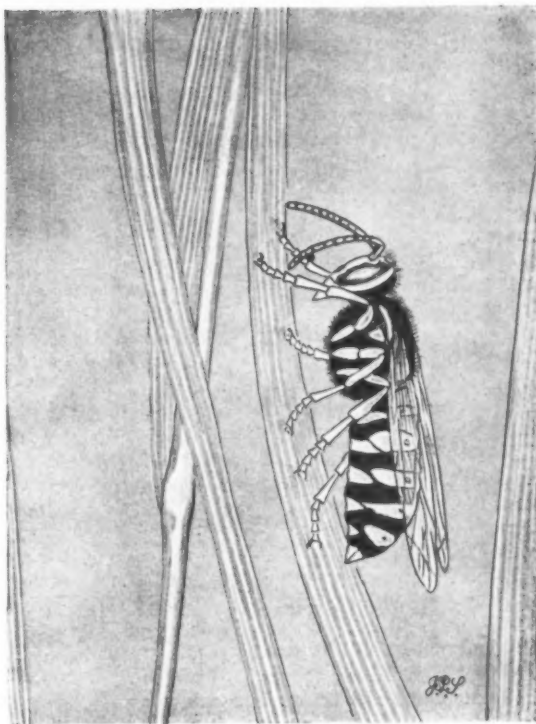
Down by the paddock is a sheltered ditch, and to-day as I passed along, intently observing my subjects, I saw a sight which filled my heart with consternation. The Philistine's eyes are not yet open to the sights of Nature, and some time elapsed before he detected the object, ensconced in a tuft of grass, which caused me such serious mis-giving. I plucked a dock-leaf, on which, gently transferred from its grassy nest, I held the culprit for inspection.

"Well," he said, "it's only a wasp, though a big one."

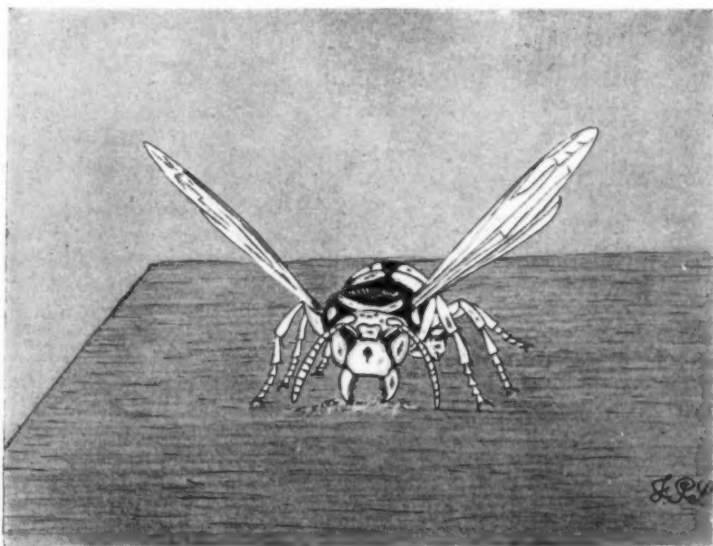
"There you are right," I replied; "but yet wrong, which sounds paradoxical. The creature is not 'only a wasp'—it is a 'Queen Wasp.'"

He did not realise the insect's enormity of offence in being a Queen among wasps. "Disagreeable brutes," he assented cheerfully. "You see them by the hundred in the pastrycooks' shops during summer."

I transferred the Queen, who was still sluggish from her winter sleep, to a pill-box. "There; old Charles will be spared the burning of one nest in my garden this year," I added triumphantly.



A SLEEPY, ILL-TEMPERED WASP, CLIMBING A STALK



WIDOW WASP EATING WOOD TO MAKE PAPER FOR HER NEST

The Philistine did not quite understand, but he urged — "Surely there is a nest somewhere to which she belongs, and the wasps will get another Queen, just as the bees do?"

"No, indeed. I am glad to say that this Queen has no empire. Therein lies one of the great differences between bees and wasps. Allow me to relate the fortunes of Widow Wasp:—

"The lady you have seen me place in durance

## By-paths in Nature

vile was wedded late last summer to a wasp-drone. The chill autumn came upon her and her companions, bringing dire disaster. First of all, they became heavy and sleepy; the cares of the nest were too many; the young grubs cried aloud for food, but none had strength or desire to feed them. They were cruelly starving to death, and their own family knew it and put an end to their sufferings. One by one the grubs were cast out of the nest to die, either by the fall to the ground, or by the devouring beaks of birds who were on the alert. Better that than slow starvation. The numbed and hungry wasps flew hither and thither, lazily, for their wings seemed to lack strength to bear them. Then they began to crawl aimlessly about. The entire wasp city, like another Rome or Babylon, had fallen from its high estate; its inhabitants were demoralised, their activity paralysed, their voices hushed."

The Philistine gave a short laugh. "I know the crawling wasps," he said bitterly. "They sting."

"And why not?" I answered. "To see their city crumbling to ruin before their very eyes would surely sour the sweet disposition of any community. Pardon their shortness of temper, and remember their despair at the inevitable extermination which stared them in the face."

"But why don't they gather honey like the bees?" he asked. "I suppose they are too stupid, and must take the consequences."

"Well spoken, like a man of worldly wisdom! But remember, friend, the wasp is far more conservative than the bee, and clings to older customs. Only of comparatively late years has the bee converted her cells into honey-pots. Nature intended them as nurseries for the rearing of the young, and only inordinate love of life and fear of death has led the bee to lay up a store against the coming winter. But to return to our friend the wasp."

"One by one the yellow-bodied colonists fell, some at the hands of the gardener as they crawled over his autumn fruit. At last there were only four or five young queens—widows—who buried themselves in the grass and slept. The returning warmth has now awakened them."

"Think of it: the lady in the pill-box is a lone lorn widow, without a friend in the world to help her. Yet, unaided, she would—if I allowed her—build up just such another city of wasps as gave her birth a year ago."

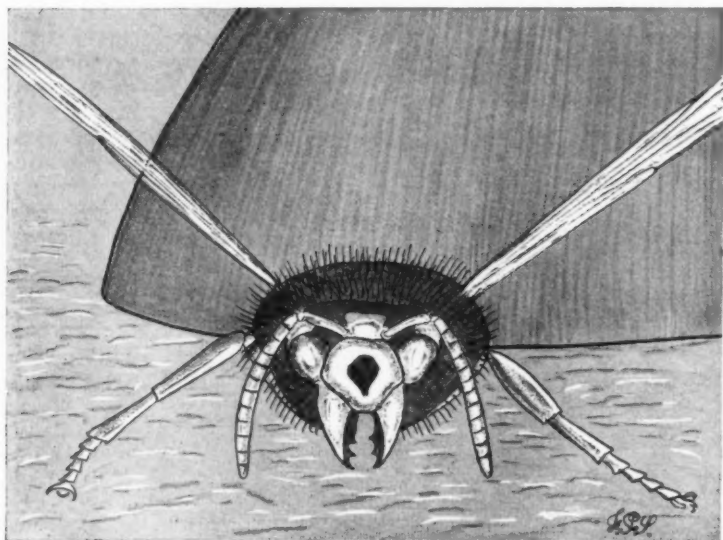
"But how?" inquired the Philistine, with some interest.

"By sheer hard work," I replied. "A wasp-queen, perched upon a fence, will begin operations by gnawing and biting the

wood in almost feverish haste; then, quickly rising, dart into a hole in the bank, usually the abode of some poor field-mouse, taken without so much as saying 'by your leave.' There she will spread the wood-pulp she has chewed, and with it lay the foundations of her nest."

"How curious!" from the Philistine.

"Very. But the nest is more curious still. It is made of brown-paper. Madame



QUEEN WASP TRODDEN ON BY A COW

Wasp is the oldest paper-maker in the world. Before Egypt was, wasps had learned the art. Her wood-pulp nest is quite up-to-date—abreast with the latest ideas of paper-makers. Having built her house she proceeds to fill it, poor thing!"

The Philistine took a puff at his pipe. "I thought you disliked her," he said, looking up.

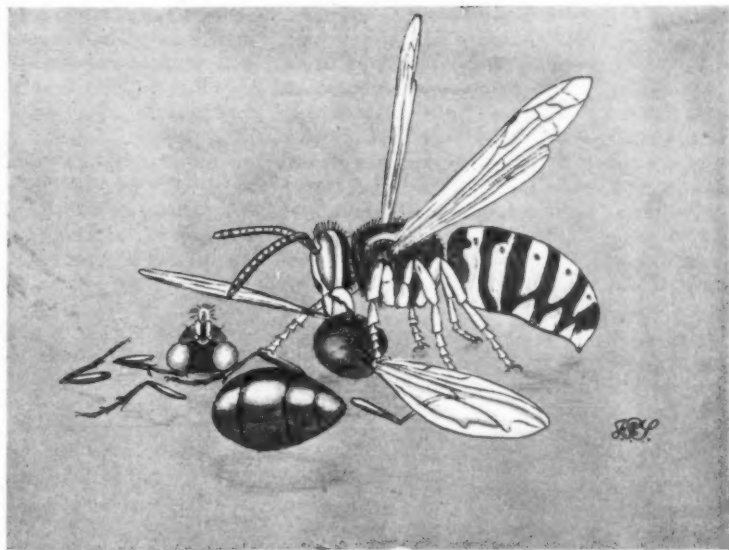
"So I do, but we may admire many things we dislike, or which cause us annoyance. My objection to Widow Wasp is purely personal, and arises from my own selfish instincts. As the possessor of a garden with fruit-trees, I detest her; but as a naturalist, albeit a humble one, she commands my entire respect and admiration."

The Philistine grunted; he had thought to entangle me in subtle argument. "Well," he said, "sink your personal feelings, and let me see wherein the naturalist can find beauty."

"In her strict attention to duty," I replied. "It would have been quite easy for this widowed Queen Wasp to resign herself to death in the autumn, as did the workers of the nest; but within her was the feeling of motherhood, which impelled her to live that she might bring up her family—a duty she owes to the race. Therefore she slept through the winter, to wake up with the advent of spring. Then, as I have told you, she builds her early nest single-handed, save that she has no actual hands. From the ruins of her summer's nest, she and her widowed sisters propose to build up other cities as great as that which fell in the autumn."

"In that case," said the Philistine, jumping up, "each year the wasps' nests multiply according to the number of queens which survive. Is that so?"

"No," I answered, "though Nature is



WIDOW WASP DISMEMBERS A FLY

always lavish, and provides for all contingencies. Suppose five queens were left last summer; the chances are that only one of the five will accomplish the mighty task of founding a colony."

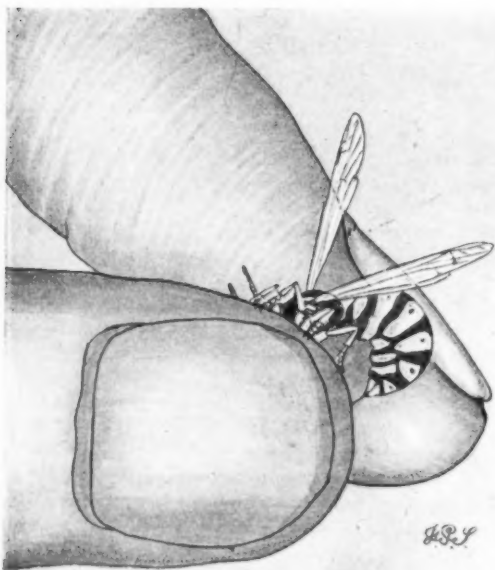
"How's that?" demanded my friend. "Surely all have an equal chance."

"Yes; but all have not the same luck. The frost may kill one, who has found no moss or sand in which to bury herself," I continued, checking them off upon my fingers. "Rain may drown another; a bird may eat a third, while Daisy yonder"—pointing to my cow—"may plant her foot upon the resting-place of a fourth. So you see that, though Nature provides many queens, not all survive to accomplish their purpose."

"When she has laid the flooring of her nest and built up the main pillar which is to support her layers of cells, she proceeds to deposit her eggs therein—not many, for she is alone, and has to forage for the young as they come out. First of all she lays three eggs, after which she takes another spell at house-building. In due course the babies—tiny grubs, dear to the heart of the angler—make their appearance, and it falls to the lot of Widow Wasp to feed them. At this particular period I think it mockery to call her Queen, for she has to fulfil the duties of nurse and architect; to feed herself and

## By-paths in Nature

others. Never for one moment is she idle. There are special haunts which she loves; particular flowers in the cunning of their plant nature lay themselves out to attract her—not that she needs much attracting, for she is a greedy devourer, being blessed with an appetite and jaws which can eat most things, even meat, if need be. But the children need a special diet—honey—and Widow Wasp betakes herself to the Figwort (*Scrophularia nodosa*) which blossoms at the very season when the baby wasps need nourishment."



TO ILLUSTRATE THE JOINTS IN WIDOW WASP'S BODY

"Steady a moment," said the Philistine. "What do I know about Figworts? What are you talking about?"

I apologised humbly. "The Figwort is a remarkable plant, though not a nice one; in fact, it is a weed, with very small, insignificant flowers and a most abominable smell. Being a rank deceiver it grows tall, and tries hard to look like a flower; so successfully, that old Charles, under the impression that it is of value, allows it to grow. I should have the plants rooted up but for the interesting colonies of weevils which live on them. However, we are not discussing weevils. To continue—

"The Figwort has special accommodation for Widow Wasp: its flowers are shaped

so that her head just fits them as she goes inside to gather honey, and the Figwort sees to it that she takes out enough pollen in return. The honey is for the babies; for herself and her kind, Widow Wasp likes fruit. Have you ever seen plums which have been attacked by wasps? They always choose the ripest cheek on which to commence operations. But being desperate characters of no particular morality—Hooligans among the Hymenoptera——"

"Eh, what?" broke in the Philistine. "No Latin words, my friend!"

Again I apologised. "I meant Hooligans among the bee folk. A wasp often pursues and kills a stray fly or so. She swoops down upon them like a hawk; there is a faint buzz, one thrust of the sting, and the fly is dead. Then with her jaws she proceeds to cut up her prey. Off comes the head, then the abdomen—the fat part of the fly, you know—and last of all the wings. What remains? Well, the thorax."

There was a movement from the Philistine; evidently I was lapsing into scientific terms, which displeased him.

"The thorax is the part between the head and the body where the heart should be. Oh, what a rover is Widow Wasp! Here, there, everywhere, but all the while industriously bent on finding food for her increasing family. The grubs, after the manner of their race, spin little silken cocoons for themselves."

"Of course they do," assented the Philistine. "I've seen them."

"But where does the silk come from?" I asked.

"From the grubs, I suppose."

"And where do they procure it?" I continued.

"I give it up," he replied.

"From Widow Wasp herself," I answered. "All the silk they spin has been evolved from her gatherings from the Figwort and elsewhere. If you could see the quantity she stores before the first hatch of wasps is due, you would be astonished. Then the wasp family appears, a few at a time. Widow Wasp is happier now; she has her daughters to help her.

"It is an Amazon city—all women—an



## By-paths in Nature

Adamless Eden, during the summer. How those ladies enjoy themselves!—for even in their toil they find time to have a little fun: a raid on a bee-hive, and terrible foes they are; one wasp is a match for any three of her industrious cousins. At length, when her family is full grown, Widow Wasp retires into private life, and for the first time in her busy existence is able to take a little rest, and lay a few eggs."

"But she's been doing that all the time!" urged the Philistine.

"And goes on doing so," I replied, "until she has a community of four or five thousand ladies, who forage for her and tend the baby wasps of the nest, taking captive spiders and all sorts of tit-bits for the good of this woman republic. A time arrives, alas! when the summer is spent and the Queen feels that the nest is threatened; the honey-flowers close early as the days shorten, there are not so many delicacies, and the hungry wasps are a little short-tempered. Then the Queen lays her Royal Eggs; or, rather, ordinary eggs, the grubs of which are fed on special food, that they may develop into young, marriageable Queens."

"How can they marry," asked the Philistine, "if there are no men for them?"

"The Queen provides the young males last of all. Man, a necessary evil in the colony, is only provided as he is wanted. In this the wasp differs from her cousin the bee, whose drones are with the hive always. Moreover, the young wasp-queens live in perfect harmony, and are spared the jealousies and evil feelings of the royalties

of the Hive. Then, as I have already told you, comes the *débâcle*—the downfall—and the city crumbles like a second Nineveh."

"Wonderful!" said the Philistine. "Now, what are you going to do with the Queen in the pill-box?"

"She is to be killed, after you have had a good look at her. I never encourage wasps' nests."

We walked back to the house and placed Widow Wasp beneath a convenient glass where the Philistine could examine her.

"What a curious body!" he said, as he watched it expanding and contracting, turning and twisting in every direction.

"Yes; it is admirable for its special purpose," I replied. "Its joints are furnished with special 'tucks,' as ladies would call them, which enable it to turn in all directions."

"Why?" asked the Philistine.

"To sting."

"Oh!" he replied. "I had forgotten that part of the business altogether."

"Widow Wasp never forgets, though," I answered. "The yellow colour of her coat is Nature's warning that she is dangerous in some way. Take my advice: if you ever see a yellow insect or caterpillar, handle it carefully, or you may get a very unpleasant surprise."

\* \* \* \* \*

The Philistine has started a cabinet of insects. One of his first specimens was a Queen Wasp, concerning which he has much to say to his suburban friends. I set and gave it to him.

## Forget

I AM so tired of regret—  
Of passionate and sad regret—

That eagerly I bend my ear  
To Wisdom's whispering, Forget!  
Let all the sweet-cloyed days lie dead,  
Burn every bridge behind you yet,  
So there be no return—forget.  
Then trample down beneath your tread  
The poor pale flowers which once were  
wet

With tears of passionate regret;  
The past—ah, never mind—forget.

Of last year's rose and violet—  
Fair, scented, frail, sweet violet—  
When leaves have yellow grown and sere,  
Is there remembrance or regret?  
To youth's gay foibles long since dead,  
Although some beauty shrouds them yet,  
There can be no return—forget.  
Swift pass the years with silent tread,  
Why should fresh flowers with tears be  
wet,  
With tears of passionate regret?  
The past—ah, never mind—forget!

L. A. C.



*By permission of the Autotype Company*

*From the picture by G. J. Snowman*

# AN INTERESTING SECRET

# The Critic on the Hearth<sup>1</sup>

BY JOHN A. STEUART



LET us look into this matter somewhat more closely, I said, catching up Solomon's remark. We are dealing here, if you please, not with the local or the sectional but with the universal. Ask a thousand people taken at random off any street in the world what their main business in life is, and the answer, translated and analysed, will be precisely the same. Under all ideals, theories, beliefs, schemes, strivings of mankind, there lies the one great desire of the human heart. One person strives for this, another for that, ambition or inclination spurs in directions as diverse as the activities of a highly complex age; but examine them and you will find that all aims, all efforts point, however waveringly, to the grand goal and object—HAPPINESS.

"And yet," said the Curate, "Carlyle affirmed that man's business in this world is not to seek happiness but to do his allotted task, and if necessary die in the doing. Do you accept or reject that doctrine?"

Both, I answered, both. I hope I am catholic in the true sense of the word. I suggest that possibly Carlyle did not quite fathom his own thought, or that the common interpretation of his words is wrong. Why do men perform their allotted tasks? Mostly for wages, you say. Quite so. And Carlyle would scarcely deny that the labourer is worthy of his hire. We thus arrive at a very nice point in our thesis—to wit, the satisfaction of receiving wages. For doing our work worthily we worthily get reward: Result, happiness of varying scope and degrees of intensity. But many work who receive no pay? Fortunately for mankind that is true. This world were indeed as flat, stale and unprofitable as Hamlet declared it to be, if its workers were altogether mercenary. Happily it is not always necessary to receive one's wages in silver and gold. There are other and not less delectable forms of payment. The philanthropist, to take a handy example, gives instead of receiving. Does he then go unrewarded? By no

means. We have all, I trust, felt the virtuous glow that comes of a good deed well done, a charity bestowed, a timely aid rendered. Human experience in all ages testifies that there is not a more exquisite joy than in smoothing rough places for the bruised and sorely tried, in extending a hand to the faltering or weary traveller, and helping him over a stile. If Fortune in her blindness had made me a millionaire I would find my amusement in lying in wait for the miserable and making them happy by stealth. By such means I should ensure for myself a fuller measure of happiness than can ever accrue from a selfish use of wealth.

"Stay, stay," cried Solomon. "Under the guise of philanthropy this is the sheerest selfishness. You would confer happiness on others in order to secure a share, the lion's share, for yourself. There's neither charity nor religion in that, that I can see."

Then there is no virtue in the conduct of the Just Steward, I rejoined. (I could of course have answered tartly that because Solomon did not see a thing, the fact was not necessarily evidence of the thing's non-existence; but rudeness was never yet argument, though some good people commit the folly of mistaking the one for the other.) It will need a good deal of subtlety and eloquence to convince us of that. "Do good that good may come" is surely a doctrine to be upheld in the teeth of all opposition. Permit me to make a suggestion. If you will have the goodness to read the Sages, from Moses to Socrates, from Socrates to Ruskin, you will get the ample reply which cannot be made here. In particular allow me to commend to your attention that marvellous scene in the *Phaedo*, depicting the last hours of Socrates in prison, which Dr. Jowett considered the greatest thing of its kind in all literature—with one exception.

"Very fine, no doubt," said Solomon, with that eloquent and crushing expression of his. "But Plato did not write in English. We were not all taught to read Greek."

<sup>1</sup> Copyright in the United States of America, by John A. Steuart, 1905.

## The Critic on the Hearth

"It isn't necessary we should," put in the Curate, his eyes lighting up as they always did at the mention of things Greek. "With an apothecary's apprentice the most Grecian of British poets there is hope for us all. In this age scholars are lavishly generous in laying open for the man in the street the treasures of classical thought, emotion and imagination. The man with scholarship enough to read the newspapers may in these days read Plato at his ease. That gain is not to be reckoned by arithmetical tables nor expressed in terms of the Stock Exchange. And to keep to our theme, does the scholar give his days and nights to hard mental toil for that tangible reward which goes to his credit with his banker? If so he is something of a fool for taking a road which can never land him at the goal of worldly fortune. Could Jebb be rewarded in the world's coin for the devotion to Sophocles which has borne such splendid fruit? Or Mr. Gilbert Murray for the service he is doing to Euripides, or rather to the British public? I tell you," he went on, his face glowing infectiously, "I would rather have my name linked immortally with a master-mind of Greece or Rome than attain to any worldly dignity whatsoever."

"Oh no, you wouldn't," said Solomon, shaking his head, "no, you wouldn't. You would rather be a bishop than a translator or commentator."

"It is possible to be both," put in the young lady classic eagerly, and then discovering how she had committed herself, sank back trembling in a divine confusion of blushes.

I am greatly obliged to you, I said, acknowledging the Curate's aid, for that excellent and apposite illustration. No, you could never adequately pay a Jebb, a Jowett, a Conington, a Munro or a Murray in the currency of the market-place. Is it not a good thing for the community that such men arise periodically to prove that the highest rewards are not represented by so many grains of gold-dust?—nor success to be reckoned by the size of one's home or the number of one's flunkies? Happily there is an investment which never turns out bad.

Solomon screwed his face doubtfully. "What is that?" he asked.

Honest work, sir. Let it be laid down as a general principle that no man has a right to be miserable while he has the

capacity to work. According to the ancient theology work was designed as a punishment. If so the decree of chastisement has proved the most beneficent of ordinances.

"I agree heartily," the Colonel struck in. "The pure enjoyment of working with all one's heart and soul is too often forgotten by the best of people, and by many not remembered at all. Why, humanly speaking, the capacity to work is the foundation of all happiness. I read the other day the story of a young soldier, with a soldier's love of adventure, who remarked jestingly what a horrible thing it would be to him if he were compelled to sit a maimed and helpless invalid in a chair. Well, he fell blind, and though he bore his misfortune like a Stoic, his old delight in life was gone. Did that man, think you, regret that he was henceforth to be deprived of an officer's pay? Assuredly not. He had found his work and delighted in it, and now he was for ever laid aside. A rich man, the paltry pay of an officer did not affect him at all. But the joy of activity was taken from him. All properly constituted people like to be up and doing. The form of work, if only it be noble and useful, does not greatly matter. I dare say that Shakespeare derived as keen a gratification from *Hamlet* or *Othello* as Julius Cæsar from any one of his victories. And I should be disposed to put this as a truth, tested and confirmed by general experience, that no really great or noble thing was ever done without bringing its own high and ample reward to the doer. You see the point is this, that so long as one's heart is in a thing, every difficulty met or overcome is but a stepping-stone to happiness. I am even prepared to go so far as to say—no difficulty, no happiness. Everything goes by contrast. Day is the more pleasant because night follows hard upon it; rest is sweet after fatigue, warmth after cold; hunger adds mightily to the pleasures of the table. Who are the bored yawners that go about saying life is not worth living? Invariably those who have nothing to do—those whose existence is spent in the tragic diversion of killing time. Killing time!" he repeated indignantly. "Think of it, time the most precious, the most fleeting of worldly possessions."

"Did not Queen Elizabeth on her death-bed cry out for one moment of time?" said the young lady classic wistfully.

"And many another as well, my dear," returned the Colonel. "The spendthrift



## The Critic on the Hearth

of fortune is wise and innocent compared with the spendthrift of time. It was said of old that lost money may be recovered, lost health regained, but that no human power can bring back yesterday. But there, there," he added apologetically, "I did not intend to enter the pulpit this evening. Only I have no patience with the ghastly folly of killing time. Kill anything but time. It flies of itself so swiftly that an old man looking back finds a terrible force in the old, old simile of the weaver's shuttle. You have but to live long enough to think of a bygone year as a flash of lightning—this instant vivid, next instant gone."

"Yes," remarked the Curate thoughtfully, "as was written two thousand five hundred years ago, all things in this world are troubled by our master—Time. Our master indeed."

"But give me leave to add," said the Colonel, the familiar bright smile lighting his countenance, "our servant as well if it be properly used. The man who makes each day serve the day's purpose loyally, and with a right sense of responsibility, has solved one at least of the problems of happiness."

You mean, I said, that procrastination is the mortal foe of happiness. Every person of experience will say ditto to Mr. Burke there. The man who is always putting off till to-morrow what he ought to do to-day is piling things up against the day of remorse and failure. Whence we may deduce this practical axiom, that punctuality is the soul of business. We all know the man who astonishes his friends by the huge quantity of work he puts daily and weekly to his credit. As a rule he presents the anomaly of seeming to pass his life in an endless leisure. He is never flurried, never complains that he has not a moment to himself. Some people live as it were in a perpetual race to catch express trains. They have a worried look, they tell you they cannot meet the multitude of their engagements without the most fearful straining. Yet they seldom accomplish anything really memorable. The reason will probably be found in method or character, or both. The punctual man meets all his engagements without fuss and flurry. He does not, like Coleridge, resolve and resolve and resolve sublimely, only to let all his resolutions melt into moonshine.

Another secret is that he concentrates, giving his mind to the duty of the moment as though nothing else in all the world were worth attention. Thus he does in an hour, with apparent ease, what the man of fuss can scarcely do in three hours with a prodigious expenditure of nervous energy. Of the concentrated worker Gladstone furnishes one of the best of latter-day examples. He seldom wasted a moment; his faculties were always at full pitch, his activities shamed ordinary men.

"Is it not just possible," said the Colonel gently, "that he was too active, or at any rate too diverse in his activities? You remember how Carlyle was for ever urging the volatile John Sterling to concentrate his lightnings into a thunderbolt. The price of pre-eminence to-day in any calling or vocation is singleness of aim. In a time of specialists the man who would excel must curtail his field of action. Gladstone the politician crowded as many extraneous interests into his life as would furnish full occupation to half-a-dozen men far above the average in energy and ability. But mark the irony of things. He suffered from his very versatility. He was a theologian, but on disputed points theologians merely refer with respect to his good intentions. Scholars smile over his scholarship. When we wish to hear the last word on Homer we go not to Gladstone but to Leaf, Merry, and Munro. The truth is his career is at once an inspiration and a warning. Hence another practical axiom: The river narrowed in its channel cuts through rocks; the lagoon is useful only for skiffs. In the fable the cat which had but one resource escaped, while the fox which had many plans of safety was caught and killed.

The main point, however, to be noted is, that Gladstone found constant happiness in work of the most strenuous kind. Men, you say, will not work without some incentive, some hope of gain. Certainly human nature is still very much a child, despite its age and experience, and loves its toys. The ancient Greeks talked of a man's demon; we ourselves speak of a man's genius, deriving the habit from the Romans. This familiar spirit urges on, purifying ambition in men especially gifted by nobility of aim, and giving for reward that spiritual contentment and elation which men loosely call happiness. For this reward men strive with an ardour and a heroism which are often sublime. Think of Robert Louis

## The Critic on the Hearth

Stevenson toiling cheerfully and desperately for twenty years on the very brink of the grave that his name might be written on the roll of Britain's immortals. We are charmed by his stories. But how few of us know, or knowing stay to consider, that some of the best of them were produced while the author was propped with pillows in bed and forbidden to speak, because a word might bring a hæmorrhage. Who vaunts the courage of the battlefield? I tell you the leading of a forlorn hope is a small thing compared to a long-drawn conflict for such an object as Stevenson's. What sustained the fighter? Hope of good pay? Don't believe it. Stevenson's first real bit of work was the description of a retreat in which he was the pursued and Death the pursuer. Unquestionably he thought it hard; yet he uttered no whining word, made no oblique reflection on Providence. On the contrary he might have said with his friend Henley—

"In the fell clutch of Circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud;  
Under the bludgeonings of Chance  
My head is bleeding, but unbowed.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
I am the Master of my fate;  
I am the Captain of my soul."

Think of Pope, too, bound in corsets to keep the crazy body from falling to pieces. Pope, it is true, had not Stevenson's sweetness of temper; but supposing an equality of intellectual gifts (a somewhat extravagant supposition), which of us would achieve so much under the same conditions? Let them say what they will, there was a rare spirit in the little man of Twickenham.

"Does work then comprise the whole duty of man?" inquired Solomon. "Is there no longer any truth in the nursery proverb that 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy'?"

How many Jacks within your experience, I asked in turn, have been made dull by too much work? More rust out than wear out. But I admit there is just here a danger to a minute fraction of the race. "He is a slave to his work," one sometimes hears it said. He is indeed in a most unfortunate condition of whom that is true. If it is

well to be Captain of one's soul, how much more essential is it to be Master of one's work! Some people allow themselves to become mere machines. They have done the same thing over and over again daily for so many years that they become in time as mechanical as any piece of machinery. German scholars, for example, sometimes get cobwebs in their eyes, yes, and even bees in their bonnets, from too much groping in one dark groove. But the total number of deaths from over-work is amazingly small, though multitudes die every year from the effects of idleness.

"I was thinking, as you spoke," said the young lady classic, "that among the minor things which make for happiness none plays a more important part than tact."

We all assented that tact is the balance-wheel which maintains the equipoise and ensures the easy running of the entire machine. What the world suffers from the lack of this unconsidered trifle among the graces of character! I know a man who spends miserable nights thinking of the blunders he has made in conversation. Some people have the ineffable gift of being all things to all men without any sacrifice of dignity. You remember the anecdote of Lafayette. At a Society function in Washington two young men were presented to him. "Married?" inquired Lafayette of the first. "Yes," was the answer. "Happy man, happy man," said Lafayette cordially. To the same question the second replied, "No." "Lucky dog, lucky dog," said Lafayette with equal unction. You may be sure those two men were charmed. French insincerity, you say? But consider, are not some men happy in being married and some lucky in being single? Lafayette, you see, knew human nature. Was he insincere? He made no attempt to flatter. There is all the width of the social world between the boorish bluntness which some people mistake for sincerity and the *bonhomie* which delights to give pleasure. It is possible to combine charm and honour. Charm, and you give pleasure; give pleasure, and you ensure your own happiness.

"The law and the prophets," quoth Solomon with a grin. "If recipes ensure happiness, we ought all to be happy."





### The Referendum in New Zealand

A SIGNIFICANT phase in Australian politics is the steady extension of the use of the referendum as a means of finding out public opinion on important questions. Its first great trial was in connexion with Federation, the constitution adopted by the convention being placed before the electors of the six States in this way. Since then referendums have been taken in New South Wales and South Australia, on the question of a reduction in the numbers of members of the State Parliament, and in South Australia and Victoria, on the question of Scripture education in State schools. Now, however, New Zealand has come out with a proposal to establish the referendum as a part of its political system, to be used as required. It is proposed to begin with a referendum on the old question of Scripture education. For many years, of course, the liquor traffic has been regulated by a referendum vote. A bill is now before the New Zealand Parliament, providing for an important extension of the principle in this respect. It proposes to give the people power to determine whether prohibition in a particular district shall be partial or thorough. At present, although liquor may not be sold either retail or in bulk in a prohibition district, the Act allows residents to import liquor for private consumption from any neighbouring district. A clause in the new Act will prevent this, and will not allow liquor to be kept, except by chemists. It seems only a short step now to the abolition of the breweries and distilleries. The temperance party in New Zealand is very keen, but it is at the same time very level-headed, being largely Scottish. So that it is in doubts about the wisdom of the "thorough prohibition" clause—which is a Government proposal—and is inclined to think it is a sort of Greek gift. Altogether an exciting time is promised.—F. S. S.

### An Australian Monroe Doctrine

THERE is steadily growing up in Australia and New Zealand a sort of modification of the well-known Monroe doctrine of the United States, in the shape of a feeling that the various islands in our neighbourhood should be under the control of ourselves. The fact that foreign nations own two-thirds of New Guinea—from which a stone can almost be thrown into Queensland—has always been a sore point with us, while the occupation by France of New Caledonia, and especially its use as a convict station, has been the source of a lot of irritation. Every few months a boat-load of escapes from the convict island reaches the coast of either Queensland or New South Wales; and, although most of the convicts are caught and sent back, every now and then a few make good their escape, and remain to form a source of trouble. The New Hebrides, too, are daily becoming more and more a bone of contention. The dual control—France and England—of the islands has so far been a failure, and not much is hoped from the new arrangement recently come to by the British Government in its famous *entente*. A deputation recently interviewed Mr. Reid, the Prime Minister, on the subject, and complained that the Australian settlers on the island were crippled, owing to the fact that their products, including chiefly maize, had to pay a high duty on entering the Commonwealth. If the islands belonged to Australia, it was pointed out, the products would of course come in free. Mr. Reid was very sympathetic, and no doubt, if a method could be arranged, the annexation of the islands would soon take place. Mr. Seddon, Premier of New Zealand, is very pronounced in this respect, and his State has already one important group of islands under its control.

F. S. S.

## Over-Sea Notes

### Novel Use of the Phonograph

PROFESSOR SPENCER and Mr. Gillen, the Australian scientists who have just published an account of the aborigines of Central Australia, introduced a novelty into their exploration equipment. The chief object of their expedition was to obtain information regarding the manners and customs of the blacks; and, amongst the Australian blacks, one of their most interesting and informative customs is that of the corrobberie, or dance. The blacks paint themselves in the most weird and fantastic manner with red and white earths, and adorn themselves with tufts of grass and feathers. So far the camera sufficed to bring back a reproduction of the dance. But these dances are accompanied by curious songs or chants, and very quaint exclamations. To retain a record of the most important of these, the investigators took with them a phonograph and a supply of records; and they have been able to secure a most comprehensive and highly interesting record of the songs and cries of the aborigines. These records will have a unique value when these central tribes follow their coastal confrères into oblivion, as will too surely be the case. Professor Spencer and Mr. Gillen obtained the confidence of the blacks so completely that they placed every facility in their way with regard both to the photographs and the phonographic records. Some of the dance ceremonies took the best part of a day to complete, but in these cases there was a wearisome series of repetitions. Since his return to Melbourne Professor Spencer has given exhibitions of the pictures he obtained, and has reproduced the phonographic records to large audiences.—F. S. S.

### Helen Keller Day at St. Louis

DURING the World's Fair which was held at St. Louis through seven months of 1904, only one citizen was distinguished by the setting apart and naming of a day in her honour. Helen Keller's birthday, October 18th, was made a special occasion at the great International Exposition, and named Helen Keller Day. The feature of the day was an address by Miss Keller, who has just recently received the degree of B.A., after successfully completing her college course. Helen Keller is twenty-four years old. Seventeen years ago she was only an object of sincerest, and, to most people, hopeless pity. Blind, deaf and dumb, there seemed no life, no

future for her. Now she is the most widely known and best beloved of American citizens. She has conquered her limitations, and by her courage, her strength, her gentle cheerfulness and her constant happiness, she has proved herself an inspiration for thousands of more highly dowered lives, and has lifted the cloud from some of the most shadowed. Unless one has lived in America, has read their newspapers and heard their household words, it is impossible to realise the hold that Helen Keller has on the hearts of all her compatriots. She reciprocates their affection with child-like gratitude and tenderness, and so the misfortunes of the little sightless, deaf and dumb child of twenty years ago have become a benediction to a whole great nation.—A. G. P.

### American Gifts to Libraries

NEXT to the public schools the chief subject of town and city pride in the United States is the Public Library. In New England, and in most of the other States north of Mason's and Dixon's Line, almost every town has its Free Library. Very often the only handsome building in a village is a library, the gift probably of some native who has gone forth and made money far away from the little township; but who still remembers his birthplace, and wishes to keep a place in the memories and affections of his townspeople. In the year extending from June 1st, 1903, to May 31st, 1904, the American Library Association reported at its annual meeting that 506 gifts of not less than £100, or 250 volumes each, had been received for library purposes. The money gifts amounted to £1,220,000, of which almost £200,000 was given by Mr. Andrew Carnegie for library buildings. Of the remaining 505 donors, 101 gave £1000 or over, and the gifts from twenty-one ranged from £10,000 to £120,000. The two gifts of £120,000 each both went to University libraries in California—one to the California State University and one to the Leland Stanford University. These libraries are not, however, confined to the use of students and members of the university faculties, but are freely open to all who desire to study. Mr. Carnegie made 100 gifts to libraries in the University States, amounting altogether to a little over £300,000. Minnesota ranked first among the States benefited by Mr. Carnegie, thirteen of her towns receiving donations. After Minnesota came California, Iowa and Wisconsin.—A. G. P.



### American Railways and Farmers' Crops

THROUGHOUT the West and South in the United States the prosperity of the railroads is dependent on the harvests of the farmers, and the railroads consequently are always on the look-out to further the interests of agriculture in the sections which they serve. An illustration of this practice of American railroad management was furnished in the spring of 1904 by the railroads of Iowa, which had felt keenly the shortage in the Iowa harvest of 1903. The main crop of Iowa is maize, or corn, as it is always called there. In 1903 this crop was only from 40 to 66 per cent. of a full yield. During the later winter the Rock Island Railroad put on, as an experiment, a "Corn-Special" train. Experts were engaged to lecture to the farmers at every stopping-place, and handbills were placed in all the stations notifying the farmers of the coming of the "corn-seed special," and urging them to attend the meetings. The trip of the "corn-special" occupied three days. It made 50 stops, and covered 400 miles, through 15 counties on the line of the railroad. At each stopping-place there was a twenty-minutes talk, and evening meetings were held in halls in two of the larger towns. The experiment was eminently successful. The farmers gathered in large numbers, and they were always admitted first to the audience-cars, all others being welcome as long as there was any space. The success of the first experiment led the management of the Burlington Railroad, whose mileage in Iowa is considerably greater than that of the Rock Island, to institute a four-days trip of 856 miles

through 21 counties on the Burlington system. The news of the earlier excursion had awakened great interest through the State, and this second "corn-special" found audiences even larger and more interested than those of its predecessor. The farmers of Iowa are largely recent comers from older States. Their methods are not crystallized, and they are keenly on the look-out for any new ideas that will help them in making the most of their new acquisitions. The points which the lecturers chiefly emphasised were the planting of suitable varieties of corn, and the avoidance of such as had deteriorated in the same locality; the proper preparation of the soil, and the necessity for full and even dropping of the seed by the planting machinery; and more especially the need for testing all seed-ears by taking several kernels from each ear, and eliminating those ears from which the test-seeds did not germinate or showed low vitality. This testing should be done in warm places in the winter, that the seed-ears which passed the test might be available without delay in planting time. Iowa has a State Agricultural College which holds a short session during the winter, to be attended by farmers already at work, who can leave their farms at that time. A thousand farmers annually take advantage of this winter session, and it is expected that as a result of the new interest in corn-planting, excited by the corn-specials, this winter attendance will be greatly increased. The Agricultural College also undertakes to test corn for seed for the farmers. Each day enough is tested to plant 50 acres, and during the present year the College has tested enough for more than 3000 acres.—A. G. P.



# Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

## The Parent Element of Radium

It was mentioned in these notes a short time ago that Sir William Ramsay and Mr. F. Soddy had proved that radium resolved itself into helium in the course of a few weeks. This spontaneous transformation of one element into another has suggested that radium itself is produced by the breaking up of atoms of some parent substance, and that all kinds of inorganic matter are in a state of continuous evolution. The elements known to chemistry at the present time are those with longest life, and they exist because they have survived a process of change which has resulted in the disappearance of relatively short-lived forms of matter. Since, on this theory, the average life of a given quantity of radium cannot be more than a few thousand years, it is necessary to suppose that radium is being continually produced in the earth, as the result of the breaking up of some slowly changing elements in pitchblende or similar minerals. The parent element of radium has, however, yet to be found. So far as experiments have gone the results indicate that uranium is not responsible for the supply of radium—at any rate none of this active element could be detected by Mr. Soddy after a couple of pounds of a compound of uranium had been kept for twelve months, though an infinitesimal quantity would have produced an effect on the sensitive instrument employed in the research. Other elements in pitchblende are thorium and actinium, and investigations are being made to determine whether one of these bodies will spontaneously grow a crop of radium if a certain quantity perfectly free from radium is isolated for some time.

## Indian Canoes

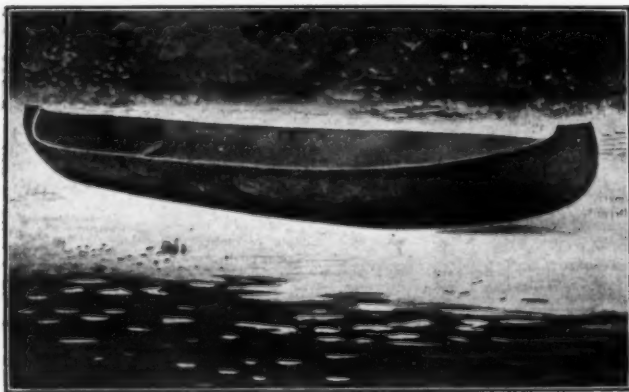
LONGFELLOW's "Song of Hiawatha" has familiarised many people with the methods of

construction of a birch-bark canoe. In a report of the American Bureau of Ethnology, Dr. W. J. Hoffman has given an account of the manufacture of dugouts and birch-bark canoes by the Menomini Indians, a tribe which is a branch of the great Algonquin stock, living on a reservation in the north-eastern part of Wisconsin. The description is of interest, because the Indians have almost entirely discontinued the making of these canoes, and even among the old men but few are recognised as having, in their day, been experts in this industrial art. The dugout, of which the one here shown is reproduced from Dr. Hoffman's report, is a typical specimen; it is made from the single trunk of a tree. This canoe is twenty feet long, and from an inch to an inch and a half in thickness. The oarsman kneels on a small bunch of grass placed at the bottom, and paddles only on one side, readily keeping the canoe in a straight course by following each stroke with a slight outward turn of the paddle. The birch-bark canoe, which is believed to be the invention of American Indians, is by far the most graceful piece of work produced by the Menomini. Only a few are now either made or owned by these people, since their more advanced mode of life does not demand extensive travel by such means. Large pieces of the bark of birch trees are sewn together with threads made of the long, thin roots of a species of spruce, and laid upon the ground. A framework of thin ribs of white cedar is placed upon the bark, which is then turned up over the sides, and short posts are driven into the ground, all around the canoe, to hold the outside strips and to prevent the breaking of the bark at the edge or gunwale. The appearance of the work at this stage is represented in the accompanying illustration. All the necessary stitching is then done to hold in place the tightly-secured bark. The bottom of the boat is lined with thin

slats or shingles to protect the delicate bark from being broken; and the seams and knot-holes are sealed with fir resin. These particulars of a vanishing industry, and the pictures here reproduced, lend additional pleasure to the reading of Longfellow's lines on Hiawatha's sailing.

## Mental Powers of Girls and Boys

SOME interesting facts illustrating the comparative intellectual powers of boys and girls have been obtained by Dr. J. de Kőrösy, director of municipal statistics at Budapest. Since 1873, Dr.



WOODEN CANOE, OR DUGOUT, CUT FROM THE TRUNK OF A PINE TREE

**Start the Morrow**  
with a dish of  
**Concentrated**  
**Nourishment**  
**Grape-Nuts**

Cook's work is done at our factory.

Serve cold direct from the packet, with cream or rich milk.

**A delightful dish**  
for all Seasons  
of the year.

Every ounce of  
**Grape Nuts**  
Counts.

No Breakfast Table  
complete without

**EPPS'S**

An admirable Food of the  
Finest quality and flavour.

**COCOA**

The Most Nutritious  
and Economical.

**BORWICK'S**  
5 GOLD MEDALS  
**BAKING POWDER**  
FOR MAKING BREAD, CAKES & PASTRY  
GUARANTEED PURE & WHOLESOME

***Listen!***

You do not like Coffee because  
it is such a trouble to make.

That remark has been made  
by thousands till they have  
tried

**SYMINGTON'S**

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**COFFEE**  
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simple addition of boiling  
water,

COFFEE OF DELICIOUS  
STRENGTH & FLAVOUR.

Just the exact quantity from a  
**Cup to a Gallon**  
can be made as required.

Gives the real aroma of the  
freshly-roasted bean.

**NO TROUBLE!**  
**NO WASTE!!**  
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Order a bottle from your Grocer  
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**REFUSE ALL IMITATIONS.**

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## Ideal Beauty versus Unsightly Obesity. -

The following signed Article  
appeared in "WOMAN."

"Full appreciation of the natural beauty of the graceful combination of curves, and their wondrous harmony, presented by the outline of the unexaggerated healthy human form, which by universal agreement of cultivated peoples constitutes the highest canon of beauty, can only be attained by careful study. But there is innate in everybody, in some degree, this appreciation, and a converse dislike to those departures from his or her standard of beauty, which awakens a keen sense of displeasure. Possibly no condition in women awakens this sense of disapproval in men, and conscious regret in the unfortunate victim herself, as obesity in woman in any marked degree. Though among not a few of the 'savage' tribes this very excess of fat is regarded as a mark of beauty, the ideal of beauty as created by the intellect of Greece, and universally adopted by modern civilisation, rigorously excluded an excess of fat as without the canon of beauty. Even a Bond Street *costumière* of to-day says: 'If you mean to be fashionable (that is, pleasing to the eye) you must have a long waist and no superfluous adipose tissue, and as tight corsets are quite as much tabooed as a too massive figure, you must go to some specialist and be reduced to proper proportions.' The specialist who will teach a simple and harmless gospel of reduction by safe, healthful, and, withal, pleasant means, is Mr. F. Cecil Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, who makes no secret of his method, but clearly describes it in his book 'Corpulency and the Cure,' which he will give to any sufferer from over-stoutness who will apply for it, and send him two penny stamps to cover its postage. ANNE PAGE."

## The "Lady's Pictorial" Opinion of the - - "Russell" Treatment. -

"All unduly stout people suffer more or less inconvenience in moving about, difficulty in breathing; and a want of general tone in the system is, as a rule, the lot of those who are the unfortunate possessors of an undue amount of adipose tissue, and who, in the trying of various remedies, have undermined their health without permanently reducing their weight. Mr. F. Cecil Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, W.C., has a cure for obesity which is most sure in its results, and, unlike most remedies for the reduction of weight, does not require any stringent restrictions with regard to diet. The treatment is entirely harmless, and the general health will be much improved by it. The ingredients used in the medicine are of a purely vegetable nature, as will be seen in the book entitled 'Corpulency and the Cure,' written by Mr. Russell. There is no doubt that the 'Russell' treatment goes to the root of the evil, hence the complete success of the cure. All those persons who are showing signs of becoming too fat should study the book, 'Corpulency and the Cure,' which can be obtained for two penny stamps from Mr. F. Cecil Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, W.C."

## A Woman's Greatest Foe.

"Of three evils—wrinkles, corpulency, and superfluous hairs—it is difficult to know which causes a woman the most grief. The first trouble can, however, be hidden by the judicious application of a good 'liquid powder,' but alas and alack! the second never can be hidden; it must, like the superfluous hairs, be removed, and that by a properly qualified specialist who has proved by his numerous successes that he is able to do what he promises, and that, too, without causing a great deal of inconvenience such as our modern ways of living would not permit of accomplishment. Mr. F. Cecil Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, will reduce the weight and the disfiguring fat by judicious and healthful means, and at a very moderate expenditure for the increased health, and happiness, and elegance that it will mean. In his book, 'Corpulency and the Cure' (which, by the way, he will give to any of our readers who ask him for it, enclosing with their request the two stamps necessary for its postage), he describes the method and the means, and both will so appeal to the common-sense that no one who possesses this commodity will any longer remain 'too fat,' but will take a new lease of life, and of the youthfulness that will make that life buoyant and desirable."—*The Yorkshire Gazette.*

## "Ninon" in her Health and Beauty article, -

appearing in the "LADY'S  
COMPANION."

"Stout persons should read 'Corpulency and the Cure,' by Mr. F. C. Russell, who has devoted years to the study of obesity and its causes. The cure is harmless, pleasant, and permanent. 'I have lost nearly a stone and a half since I commenced taking it,' writes a young lady of the compound which forms the basis of the 'Russell' treatment, and adds, 'I cannot tell you how much better I feel. I am now as thin as I wish to be.' There are hundreds of letters in this strain, together with many eulogistic opinions of the medical and general press. The ingredients are purely vegetable, and absolutely innocuous. Persons undergoing the treatment are able to realise the efficiency of the preparation before twenty-four hours have elapsed, the loss of weight varying from half a pound to four pounds, the latter, of course, only in the severest cases. It is impossible in a limited space to give many examples of the testimonials to be read in Mr. Russell's interesting little book, which any of our stout friends may obtain by sending two stamps to Mr. F. Cecil Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London."

\* A copy of "Corpulency and the Cure" will be sent under plain sealed envelope to all readers who will forward their address, with two penny stamps, to the Author, F. CECIL RUSSELL, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

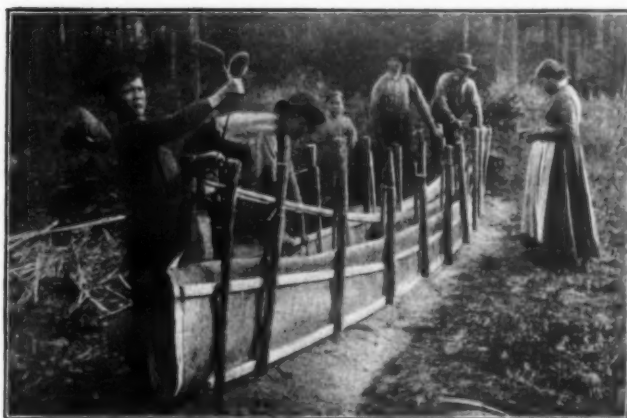
All correspondence strictly confidential.



Körösy has received a special report on the progress of each pupil in the schools of that city, and has thus been able to accumulate records of more than eight hundred thousand individuals. To compare the two sexes, the number of children in elementary schools (ages six to twelve years) who had to repeat their year's work instead of passing on to the next standard, was found in the case of boys and of girls. In the first standard the percentage of boys who had to repeat their first year's work was about the same as that of girls, but in all other standards the figures were in favour of the girls, the percentage of girls who had to remain two years in one standard being less than that of boys. In the higher elementary schools, also (ages ten to sixteen years), the girls showed superiority, only two per cent. having to repeat their year's work, whereas six per cent. of the boys had to do so. Other results give additional support to the conclusion that girls are more precocious in intelligence than boys. Though this is a matter of common observation among those who have to do with the teaching of children, Dr. Körösy's investigation is of value as offering proof of the point. In school and college women students are on the average superior to men students; and the reason why they do not accomplish so much as men in the great work of human progress is probably their lack of initiative, or, as Burdach said, "Women take truth as they find it, while men want to create it." Inherited habits due to repression of originality and want of opportunity for development may have much to do with the differences between the achievements and intellectual growths of the two sexes at adult ages, but precocity is rarely of good augury for later life, whether the precocious child is a boy or a girl. The fact that girls are on the average more precocious than boys, thus furnishes a reason why they should fall behind after the days of school and college are past.

### Exploration at Great Depths

IN his presidential address to the British Association, the Hon. C. A. Parsons suggested that it would be practicable to sink a shaft twelve miles deep into the earth. He estimated the cost of the undertaking to be about five million pounds, and that eighty-five years would be required to complete it. At present the deepest shaft is at the Cape, a little more than a mile in depth, and the deepest bore-hole is one made



SETTING UP A BARK CANOE

in Silesia, by the Austrian Government, of about the same depth. In descending from the surface, the temperature increases on the average at the rate of one degree Fahr. for every sixty-four feet, but the rate of increase varies considerably according to the nature and inclination of the rocks through which the boring passes. At a depth of two miles it is estimated that the temperature of the rocks would be 122° Fahr.; at eight miles the temperature of boiling water would be reached; and at twelve miles the temperature would be as high as 272° Fahr. To maintain the shaft at a reasonable temperature for working at these great depths, Mr. Parsons would let down a series of steel tubes, through which brine would be kept in circulation, so as to form a carrier of heat to the surface. During the process of sinking at the greater depths, the shaft bottom would require the application of a special cooling process in advance of the sinkers, and Mr. Parsons suggests that the Belgian freezing system, used for sinking through water-bearing strata and quicksands, would meet the case. This plan consists in driving a number of bore-holes in a circle around the shaft to be sunk, and circulating very cold brine through these holes, thus freezing the rocks and quicksands and the water therein; and when this process is completed, the sinking of the shaft is easily accomplished. It is possible that if the suggested undertaking were carried out, rich deposits of precious minerals would be found in greater abundance than near the earth's surface, and much information of value to geology would certainly be obtained. In all probability deep borings of the kind suggested will be made in the distant future, but there is little promise of the exploration being undertaken in these days.

# Varieties

## Housewives' Helps

FOR nervous headache bathe the back of the neck in hot water.

A very fine steel pen is the best for marking with indelible ink.

The best way to keep lemons fresh is to pack them in moist sand.

A little cream rubbed into black kid gloves will prevent the dye from coming off. It also gives them a nice gloss.

To prevent thread from knotting, always thread your needle at the end of the cotton as you undo it from the reel, and make the knot at the end that is cut off. If this is done your thread will never knot.

## All Born in the Country

THEODORE ROOSEVELT is not only the first man in the history of the country who succeeded to the presidency through death of the president to be nominated for the office, but is the first president of the United States who was born in a city. George Washington was born in a small town in Westmoreland county, Va., Jefferson at Shadwell, Madison at Port Conway, the first Harrison at Berkeley, Tyler at Charles City, and Monroe at a small settlement in Westmoreland county—all in Virginia. Jackson's birthplace was at Waxhaw, an isolated settlement on the border line between North and South Carolina. John Adams and John Quincy Adams were born in Quincy, Mass. Grant was a native of Point Pleasant, Ohio; Garfield of Hiram, Harrison of North Bend, Hayes of Delaware, and William McKinley of Niles—all in Ohio. Polk was born at Pineville, a settlement in Mecklenburg, N. C., a town of less than 600 inhabitants. Abraham Lincoln was born at a small settlement in Larue, then Hardin, county, Ky.; General Taylor at a small settlement in Virginia; Franklin Pierce at Hillsboro, Mass.; James Buchanan at Cope Gap, Pa.; Andrew Johnson at Raleigh, N. C. Of the New York presidents, Martin Van Buren was born at Kinderhook, N. Y.; Fillmore at Summerhill, N. Y.; Arthur at Fairfield, Vt.; and Grover Cleveland at Caldwell, N. J.—*Philadelphia Presbyterian*.

## Lord Acton on Papal Infallibility

LORD ACTON considered that the cause of the minority was lost when, on the 24th of April, 1870, the Council adopted the Supplement to the First Decree. This was to the effect that the judgments of the Holy See must be observed even when they proscribe opinions not actually heretical. Lord Acton's comment upon this vote of the episcopal majority does not lack incisiveness. "They might," he wrote, "conceivably contrive to limit dogmatic infallibility with conditions so stringent as to evade many of the objections taken from the examples of history, but in requiring submission to Papal decrees on matters not articles of faith, they

were approving that of which they knew the character; they were confirming, without let or question, a power they saw in daily exercise; they were investing with new authority the existing Bulls, and giving unqualified sanction to the inquisitor and the index, to the murder of heretics and the deposing of kings." —*Letters of Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone*.

## Astronomical Notes for February

THE Sun rises, on the 1st day, in the latitude of Greenwich, at 7h. 41m. in the morning, and sets at 4h. 47m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 7h. 25m. and sets at 5h. 5m.; and on the 21st rises at 7h. 5m. and sets at 5h. 23m. All through February the evenings are lighter in proportion than the mornings, because the Sun does not pass the meridian until some time after 12 o'clock; nearly 14 minutes at the beginning of the month, and nearly 13 minutes at the end of it. The Greenwich times of the Moon's phases are: New at 54 minutes before noon on the 4th; First Quarter at 4h. 20m. on the evening of the 12th; Full at 6h. 52m. on that of the 19th; and Last Quarter at 10h. 4m. on the morning of the 26th. The Moon will be in apogee, or farthest from the Earth, about a quarter before 8 o'clock on the evening of the 8th; and in perigee, or nearest us, about half-an-hour before midnight on the 20th, about which time exceptionally high tides may be expected. A partial eclipse of the Moon will take place on the evening of the 19th, the greatest part of which will be visible in this country, and the whole further to the east. The Moon rises at Greenwich at 5h. 16m., whilst already involved in the penumbra; the first and last contacts with the shadow will take place at 5h. 54m. and 8h. 7m. respectively, and the middle of the eclipse (when about four-tenths of the Moon's disc will be obscured) at 7 o'clock. The Moon will pass over some of the smaller stars in the scattered cluster called the Hyades on the evening of the 13th; further to the south she will occult its brightest star Aldebaran, but not as seen in this country. The planet Mercury will be visible before sunrise during the first week of this month, situated in the constellation Sagittarius. Venus is now very brilliant in the evening, being at greatest eastern elongation from the Sun on the 14th, so that she will probably be visible even in daylight, passing the meridian a little after 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and setting between 9 and 10 o'clock (later each night) in the constellation Pisces, moving towards Aries. Mars is visible early in the morning, situated in the constellation Libra; at the end of the month he rises about midnight. Jupiter is still a brilliant object in the south-west until about 10 o'clock in the evening; towards the end of the month he enters the constellation Aries, being then not very far from Venus, to the south-east of her. Saturn is not visible this month, being in conjunction with the Sun on the 12th.—W. T. LYNN.

# Women's Interests

## War in the Household

THE seniors always induce it, though they do not think so, and lift up hands of horror and astonishment when the climax has come. Trace family hostilities back to the germ from which the sorrow-bearing tree has sprouted, and some person will be found who fomented jealousy in the nursery, one probably more foolish than wicked who announced the unborn child to the little brother or sister as "some one that is coming to put your nose out." If one can enter into the mind of the very young, and can recall how the whole universe is represented to them by home, and the love and comfort and protection there—all outside home being a wilderness occupied by strange creatures and terrifying phantoms—it will be easier to realise how this ominous warning, delivered, it may be, by one as trusted and likeable as fat nurse or nice old Molly that comes in to do the sewing, darkens the entire firmament, and how the imagination of a sensitive child may be set by this discordant suggestion to work thenceforward among sad and sorrowful forebodings. Does a child stand and look sullenly at the baby, which, under ordinary circumstances, would be an object of much interest and curiosity, then assuredly some stupid, mature tongue has been scattering seeds which it may take years of care to entirely eradicate. There are fortunate families that have never known domestic feuds, but it is to be feared their number is very limited. The fighting families do not know when hostilities began, cannot recall the first battle, believe the children were always fighting, and hope anxiously or serenely, according to individual temperament, that things will right themselves when the young people have learned sense. The beginning probably dated from a time anterior to the occasion when the conscious baby looked grimly at the unconscious one, with an inarticulate world of jealousy and fear and rage in its heart. I knew of a little girl of less than two years old who, when invited to come and see the new baby, lifted a knobbed walking-stick in the hall and struck it over the head; of a little boy of three who took his baby sister's hand and bit it; of another boy of three who, with his heart big with a sense of injury, went to his father and asked for a knife "to cut the baby," he explained with a sob. In all these cases the wicked one was punished, and the ill wrought by want of thought was pushed a degree further. Such instances are not food for either laughter or chastisement, but for a deeper development of love and tenderness towards the young creature that has entered so untimely into life's heritage of suffering.

Here is what a clever, capable, and most devoted mother writes in a letter penned only two months ago. The children referred to are respectively twelve, ten, and seven years old. "There is one other tax on my time:—necessary supervision of my children. They quarrel; worse still, they fight. Many a time I have to abandon whatever I am doing, simply to stand guard while they do their lessons, or make themselves tidy for meals,

that I may prevent bloodshed. It is more serious than it seems. I have lived among quarrelsome brothers and sisters, and I know how hatred grows when they must continue to live together. Occupation is good, but not always all that is necessary; separation is a better remedy, indeed, separation becomes one of the bonds of love, which might profitably be resorted to in many cases before it is too late. I don't want my nice children to hate each other. I don't want them to be so tried that they shall ever utter their hatred; some trials strengthen us to bear others, but there are trials that make us bad. No one outside the family ever tries us as our relatives do, because no outsider would venture to take the same liberties." Here the mother is obviously hoping that time and circumstances will do what human influence must strive to effect. What she ignores is that humanity is reclaimed by humanity, and that the wise must give themselves trouble and accept disappointment and prepare for temporary defeat if they are to lift even their own children out of the groove of any injurious habit.

I am disposed to think that it was an erroneous idea of earlier days which was at the root of much of the faulty teaching of the young, an idea which assumed that children were fated to have certain ideas and habits. This belongs to certain savage tribes to the present day, who believe that each child is possessed by the spirit of an ancestor, and that children can only be born when the graves of the ancestors are adjacent. I have known people contemplate their children as they would a panorama, and gravely tell their friends that Johnnie's disposition is of this nature and Sarah's of that. It never seems to occur to them that Johnnie is making Sarah's character and conduct, and *vice versa*, as sensibly as a tradesman's estimates of business and of his fellow-men are affected by the usages and success that attend the line of shops down the other side of the street. I knew a mother who declared, with an air of wisdom, that she left her children alone till she heard a battle raging; then she appeared on the scene of action, and without investigation whipped all the children that were making a noise.

There are people that can scramble to maturity among such rough-and-ready methods and not seem much the worse, but natures of fine fibre, of delicate honour, are not fostered by such training. It is questionable if the sun ever comes back with its first brightness into the firmament of a sensitive child who has been chastised, being in the right, at what is to it the final tribunal. When we have traversed a considerable section of our allotted span, we are disposed to believe that chastisement is the badge integrity wears, but that terrible assurance is not easily assimilated at the start.

The young child ought to be prepared for the baby's advent by an occasional simple suggestion from its mother. There are some difficulties in the way of this, but not more serious than those that

## Women's Interests

hinder every form of progress. "If a little companion came for you he would likely be very weak at first, and have to be taken care of;" thus the child's chivalry is aroused, he feels himself in some measure a partner in the protective firm, and the first stone in the edifice of peace is laid. Throughout the earlier years indications of character must be watched, because children possess individual traits; one tends to take, the other to give over-much; one to tease, the other to strike when teased. This must be checked. Fault-finding should not be frequent, but an evidence of a faulty habit should be treated seriously, the rebuke being always administered privately, unless where both or several are implicated. Individual rebuke before the adversary does permanent harm. Yet some people have only courage for rebuke when the audience is considerable, and then they say much more than the occasion warrants. Such incidents harden the heart. A quiet, sorrowful talk, in which the child is treated as intelligent, momentarily as the speaker's equal, will probably produce as deep and permanent an impression as the wise parent could desire.

There are many things that lead to friction in the nursery, even where children are attached to each other. Perhaps one child is fond of reading, the other cannot read and wants to play. The illiterate one snatches the student's book, perhaps sits on it; a measure of love is the motive, and yet a battle is certain to result. Whipping both would not adequately meet the difficulty. Again, children may get on very well when they are alone together; introduce a visitor and warfare will result. One child annexes the visitor, or the visitor favours one and the other is ignored—ultimate result, a battle, or many. To obviate this, at least two visitors must come together, then the interest will be divided and the general pleasure enhanced. It would be incredible had it not been generally observed that the foolish parent will comment on a child's physical defects, not merely in full family conclave, but even before visitors—Jane's red hands, Louisa's big feet. One needs only to go deep enough to make *Æsop's* discovery that the tongue is at the root of all mischief and all misery.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

#### EMPLOYMENTS.

*F. L. C.*—Apply to the Joint Agency for Women Teachers, 74 Gower Street, London, W.C. This agency has been established for the purpose of enabling teachers of all classes to find employment without unnecessary cost. Registration fees for members, 1s.; for non-members, 2s. On engagement members or non-members pay 2½ or 3½ per cent. respectively on first year's salary. For temporary engagements the fee is 2s. 6d. to 5s. The agency is under the auspices of The Teachers' Guild, the College of Preceptors, and other Associations.

*Olga.*—There is scarcely a training college or educational institute of any kind available for

women where scholarships cannot be obtained by successful candidates. Bedford College, London, has eight entrance scholarships, but candidates must be under nineteen years of age. Nottingham University College, which prepares students for St. Andrews and for London University, offers several scholarships, and has, I think, no age limit. St. Andrews University, which confers on women the degree of M.A., M.B., B.S., M.D., M.S., and B.D., as well as the LL.A. certificate, confers five annual scholarships of £100 each, as well as twenty bursaries ranging from over £15 to £30 per annum. The latter are awarded in connexion with the preliminary examination, the scholarships are for special subjects. Fees for residence at St. Andrews are from £30 to £50 for the winter session, and about half that amount for the summer session, but students can reside outside if they prefer it. For further particulars write to the Secretary, St. Andrews University, N.B. The Secretary of any institution will supply particulars to intending candidates on application. Your appreciation of *The Leisure Hour* is very gratifying.

*B. E. F.*—Assistant mistresses under the Girls' Public Day School Company receive salaries varying from £70 to £200 per annum, according to qualifications.

*Madge.*—Since answering your letter in October issue I have been supplied with particulars of the Princess Christian Training College for training young ladies as children's nurses. It is at 19 Wilmslow Road, Wokington, Manchester, and is under the management of the Gentlemen's Employment Association. There are babies in residence; nurses undergoing training are from twenty to thirty-eight years of age. The Lady Superintendent says the demand for lady nurses far exceeds the supply; there have been more than 1500 applications in six months, and only thirty-nine nurses available. Particulars of cost of training and of salaries when trained can be learned on application to the Principal. The Princess Christian Nurses' Home adopted the German usage of a Testimonial Book in which each employer enters a record of her time of service and the impression her work produces. This is countersigned by the Principal of the College and becomes a permanent reference, obviating much wearisome correspondence, indispensable under our familiar and unsatisfactory habit of leaving the employee's character entirely in the hands of the last employer.

*Never Too Late.*—You will find a classified list of Institutions and Private Firms offering training in a great variety of occupations available for women, in *Women's Employments*, issued monthly, and to be had through any station bookstall, price 1d. This little periodical is of the utmost value to all who are interested in the progress of working women. It can be had post free for twelve months for 1s. 6d. from the Central Bureau for the Employment of Women, 9 Southampton Street, High Holborn, London, W.C.

VERITY.

Letters regarding "Women's Interests" to be addressed—"Verity," c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.







## STUDIES OF GREAT PAINTERS

### BROWNING

1. "He splashes as none splashed before  
Since great —."
2. "No sketches first, no studies, that's long  
past,  
I do what many dream of all their lives."
3. "I know — loves to mass in rifts  
Of heaven his angel faces, orb on orb."
4. "Looking as if she were alive. I call  
That piece a wonder, now."
5. "Here's —, with his Saint a-praising God,  
That sets up praising."
6. "I drew men's faces on my copy-books."

Name these painters and trace the references. A prize of the value of Five Shillings for first correct answer.

The prize for first correct answers for Music Notes from BROWNING is awarded to J. R. WIGHAM, Albany House, Monkstown, Co. Dublin.

### PRO AND CON ESSAYS

Prizes of Half-a-Guinea each are awarded to (Pro) A. B. LEAVER, Martock, R.S.O. Somerset, and (Con) D. J. BYRNES, 168 High Holborn, W.C., for best papers debating *That Railways and the Penny Post have done more harm than good*. The third subject FOR DEBATE will be given here next month.

### ON OUR BOOK TABLE

Books noticed: A. R. HOPE MONCRIEFF's *Bonnie Scotland*, A. and C. Black, 20s. J. J. BELL's *Jess and Co.*, Hodder and Stoughton, 5s. VERY REV. DR. GILLESPIE's *Humours of Scottish Life*, Blackwoods, 3s. 6d. *Scottish Reciter*, Pearsons, 2s. 6d. SETON MERRIMAN's *Last Hope*, Smith, Elder and Co., 6s. CONSTANCE SMEDLEY's *For Heart o' Gold*, Harpers, 6s. A. C. FLOWDEN's *Grain or Chaff?* T. Fisher Unwin, 6s. MARC POLO's *Travels*, Newnes, 3s. 6d. LAOTZE's *Book of the Simple Way*, Wellby, 3s. 6d. A. PINK's *Gardening for the Million*, T. Fisher Unwin, 2s. 6d.

*Bonnie Scotland* combines paintings by Sutton Palmer with letterpress by A. R. Hope Moncrieff, but so slightly connected, that these two elements of attraction fall to be considered separately.

Mr. Moncrieff writes with his usual skill of the history, national character, customs and literature of the country in a pleasantly discursive style, allusive without pedantry, and abounding in local information. While there is much humour in the book, it is seriously intended to enlighten any reader ignorant of the true inwardness of the subject.

"When will Cockney revilers learn that Scotland is not all thrift, caution, and kailyard prose, but a nation showing two main strains which Mr. John Morley suggests as the explanation of Gladstone's complex character? One component may be hard, practical, frugal, in politics tending to democracy, in religion to logic; but this has been crossed by a spirit, better bred in the romantic Highlands, that is generous, proud, quick-tempered, reckless, reverent towards the past, rather than eager for progress."

These and other characteristics of the race are well brought out in Mr. Moncrieff's notes on different districts, and he closes fitly with a due offering of incense at the shrine of the author of *Waverley*.

Turning now to the pictures, we wish Sir Walter could have seen his Caledonia depicted thus, in so many of her lovely and variable moods. Mr. Sutton Palmer has been most happy, we think, in strongly-contrasted atmospheric effects. Of his seventy-five plates printed by the Hentschel colour-type process, the greens of two or three appear to have suffered a little in reproduction, and become too vivid (as in *The River Glass*, and the *Falls of Clyde*). But as a whole the book is a feast of beauty. Such sketches as *A Wild Spot*, *Killin*, where the glowing depth of a sunset sky is finely enhanced by a group of sombre fir-trees in mid-distance; *Moor and Mountain in Ross-shire*, a study of mist-wreathed crags, or the same subject treated with quite astonishing cleverness in *Loch Triochatan*; the impending gloom of tempest in *The River Coe*, the magical clearing of rain-spent clouds in *Wet Harvest Time*, *Dalmally*; these are only a few of many powerful spells certain to bring back, alike to eye and to mind of the lover of Scotland, memories of her scenery delightful to recall.

Readers of Mr. Bell's stories of *Wee Macgregor* will be pleased to find in his new book, *Jess and Co.*, clear proof that his hand has gained in skill and cunning. *Jess Houston*, the sonsie and sensible young wife of a working man, and her less practical husband, although ostensibly the chief characters in this story of village life, are eclipsed in interest by a shrewd old aunt, Mrs. Wallace, and by a really delightful creation, Mr. Ogilvy, the elderly,

## The Fireside Club

shy, kind, despondent, quaint and lovable grocer. Mr. A. S. Boyd has throughout pictured him to the life, happily seconding the pen of his author.

'Instances of native humour abound, we must suppose, in Scotland, lying detached and self-complete for the gathering hand, like cairngorms on the mountains. Collected in bookful after bookful, the supply never ends, and if some in the Very Rev. Dr. Gillespie's *Humours of Scottish Life* are old, others are so recent as to date from the South African War. Stories about the clergy, not unnaturally, form the bulk of his collection, as of the botanical parson whose excuses to an old parishioner were cut short with the shrewd remark, "'Deed, sir, if I had been a paddock-stool ye wad hae been to see me lang syne!" or the young minister, better at dancing than preaching, of whom an observant farmer dryly said he had been "educated at the wrang end," or, driest of all, the following of a clergyman

"in the West Country who was about to leave his parish and be translated to another. The minister of an adjoining charge, on meeting one of the parishioners, a farmer, remarked to him: 'You'll all be very sorry that your minister is about to leave you?' 'Deed, sir,' was the rather significant reply, 'a' harena heard onybody compleening.'"

Fourth in a quartette of Scotch books comes *Pearson's Scottish Reciter*, full of capital selections, grave and gay. The prose passages are taken from many famous authors, from Sir Walter Barrie, while the poems include, we are glad to note, imperishable old ballads such as *Sir Patrick Spens* and *Barbara Allan*, along with the work of Burns and Scott, and such able modern makers as Robert Buchanan. This is a book to send to the Scot abroad, to read in and relish, whether he recite from it or not.

In Loo Barebone, sailor on board a Norfolk coasting schooner, the Royalists in France thought to discover Louis Bourbon, *The Last Hope* of their party. So at least Mr. Seton Merriman convincingly relates in this posthumous work. In 1850 the story opens, among the dyke-bound marshes of the English coast, and the hero's subsequent adventures in trying to establish his claim are well told. Plot circumventing plot, and wheels within wheels, show how well practised in construction was the author's hand, while the ending is in that tragic mood to which he was inclined in his stories of political intrigue.

*Heart o' Gold* is a joyous romance, a piece of fairy-tale philosophy of the Hans Andersen school. The scene changes from the Land of Proper Pride to the Town of True Worth, thence to the Country of Warm Hearts, and *da capo*. The characters include a fair princess and two rival princes, a really witty jester, a troupe of kindly mountebanks, and such other folk as there is need of. The action is lively throughout, and the book has a singular quality of happy-heartedness which makes it good reading.

The only fault to be found with *Grain or Chaff?* is that there is not enough of it. A London magistrate sees so many curious phases of human nature, that we should like to hear more of Mr. Plowden's

experiences on the bench. His remarks upon the subject of capital punishment are well worthy of consideration. He disapproves of it, and it may be noted, as endorsing his argument, that in Scotland, where the action of the juries has almost put an end to death sentences, murder is a rare offence, and relatively much less common than in England, where men are still sentenced to the gallows almost every week.

"Ye emperors, kings, dukes, marquises, earls and knights, and all other people desirous of knowing the diversities of the races of mankind, as well as the diversities of kingdoms, provinces, and regions of all parts of the East, read through this book."

Such is the spirited fanfare opening the pageant of the *Travels of Marco Polo*, "a wise and learned citizen of Venice."

"who, wishing in his secret thoughts that the things he had seen and heard should be made public by the present work, for the benefit of those who could not see them with their own eyes, he himself being in the year of our Lord 1295 in prison at Genoa, caused the things which are contained in this present work to be written."

As a lad Marco joined his father and uncle in the service of the mighty Kublai Khan, that potentate who had, as Marco placidly records, inherited the empire of Tartary, "and afterwards, during a reign of nearly sixty years, acquired, it may be said, the remainder of the world." For seventeen years the princely Marco journeyed through the East on the great Khan's embassies, hence this famous classic of travel.

Laotze, who wrote *The Book of the Simple Way*, was a remarkable forerunner of the Prince of Peace. Curator of a Royal Library in China, at an advanced age the Old Philosopher (such is the translation of his Chinese name) retired to the mountains to end his days, and there committed to writing, in these brief and pregnant sentences, the sum of his teaching. There were not so many pages in the little book as the writer had years, and yet for twenty-four centuries those who read have treasured it, and handed it on to posterity. Mr. Gorn Old, the Asiatic scholar who has made this new translation, adds an illuminating commentary to each chapter, pointing out how Laotze's doctrine coincides not only with the teaching of other preachers of simplicity and unselfishness in all ages of the world, but, as moonlight, seems to reflect the coming sunlight of essential Christianity, and to foretell the meekness and gentleness of Christ, and perceive the beatitude of poverty, purity, humility, kindness, ceasing from sin, forgiving trespasses, which He inculcated. We who have the greater light, and who so often do not walk in it, cannot without wholesome compunction of heart read of this one of the many prophets and righteous men who desired to see and hear what has been given to us to know.

*Gardening for the Million* comes seasonably in February, when spring catalogues set even the window-box gardener dreaming of delightful possibilities. Mr. Pink puts his advice in dictionary form, easily available whether you have only money and space for a few annuals, or are designing herbaceous borders, or have greenhouse and shrubbery questions to solve.



# Our Chess Page

## Problem and Solving Tourneys. Retractors Competition

### PRIZES VALUE TWENTY POUNDS

**Problem Tourney.—Seven Pounds Ten Shillings in Prizes.** Open until May 1, 1905. For particulars see p. 263.

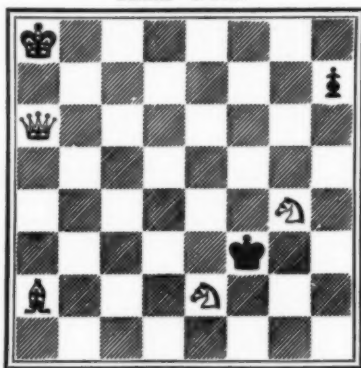
**Solving Competition.**—For particulars as to prizes see p. 87.

In answer to various correspondents, we have no hard-and-fast system of marking. Clearly in three-movers the key-move alone is not sufficient, as it affords no evidence that the solver has mastered the most difficult variations. For the winning of prizes accuracy is of the first importance. Given equality in this respect, completeness comes next, and those solvers who exhibit the most skill in pointing out duals, dual continuations, and other peculiarities, naturally take the higher places.

The two following problems have been kindly sent "in homage to *The Leisure Hour*" by that brilliant composer ANTONIO CORRIAS, to whom we offer our cordial thanks.

No. 7.

BLACK—2 MEN

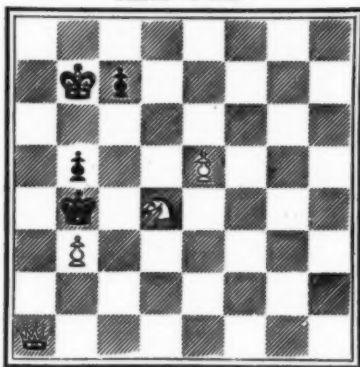


WHITE—5 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

No. 8.

BLACK—3 MEN



WHITE—5 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

Solutions must be sent in before March 12.

Solutions (key-moves only):—

No. 3. K—B2. No. 4. Kt—K Kt 4.

Solutions received up to December 10, 1904:—

Nos. 1—4: F. W. ATCHINSON, GILBERT BREAKWELL, T. DALE, LILIAN JAMES, WM. F. H. POOCK, J. D. TUCKER, E. THOMPSTONE, and R. G. THOMSON, who, however, made an unfortunate clerical error in No. 4, giving K instead of Kt in the key-move.

Nos. 1 and 2: T. H. BILLINGTON, HERBERT H. CLEAVER, COL. FORBES, S. W. FRANCIS, ARTHUR J. HEAD, EUGENE HENRY, C. V. HOWARD, and W. J. JULEFF.

No. 1: H. W. HOLLAND (India).

No. 2: H. STRONG.

Nos. 3 and 4: WALTER HOGARTH.

We are pleased to see many new names in connexion with this competition. The prizes offered are altogether exceptional; and apart from this, the Pastime is a very fascinating one, as all its devotees can testify.

### New Retractors Competition

Mrs. Baird has kindly sent us three more of her ingenious Retractors, the first of which appears this month. Two copies of her *Seven Hundred Chess Problems* will be awarded to the two competitors who most quickly and successfully solve all three. Solutions must be written on only one side of the paper, and must be headed with the name and address of the sender, followed by the date and time of posting. Solutions to the following must be sent in before March 12, 1905.

"*Twentieth-Century Retractor.*"

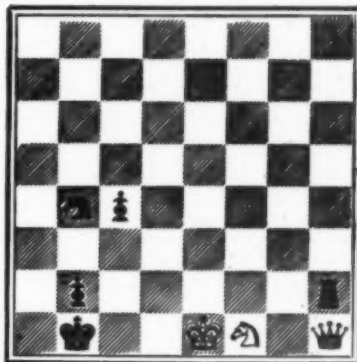
By MRS. W. J. BAIRD.

No. 1.

"Thou fall'st a blessed Martyr!"

*Henry VIII. Act III. sc. ii. l. 449.*

BLACK—6 MEN



WHITE—2 MEN

1. White played last, but must retract his move.
2. Black to retract his last move.
3. Black to play so as to allow—
4. White to give mate.

## Our Chess Page

We promised to give the names of a few solvers who came next in order of merit to the medallists.

Here they are:—

PERCY OSBORN, H. BALSON, W. MEARS, J. A. ROBERTS, R. G. THOMSON, F. W. ATCHINSON, J. D. TUCKER, E. ATFIELD, E. THOMPSTONE, and A. J. HEAD.

The solutions of many of the above are models of arrangement and neatness, especially those sent in by Messrs. BALSON and HEAD.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope. *Competition entries must be accompanied by the Eisteddfod Ticket from the Contents page.*

## The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

### ABBREVIATIONS COMPETITION

For Conditions see November Number, p. 86.

#### List No. 3.

- |             |            |                |                |
|-------------|------------|----------------|----------------|
| 1. K.P.     | 10. A.T.S. | 19. W.O.D.     | 28. I.H.S.     |
| 2. R.A.M.C. | 11. F.S.S. | 20. V.D.       | 29. I.P.M.     |
| 3. B.M.S.   | 12. F.I.A. | 21. C.P.R.     | 30. M.A.B.Y.S. |
| 4. M.L.C.   | 13. O.K.   | 22. &c.        | 31. K.O.S.B.   |
| 5. B.W.T.A. | 14. K.O.   | 23. A.R.I.B.A. | 32. A.P.T.C.L. |
| 6. P.L.A.   | 15. J.W.   | 24. R.D.       | 33. O.M.       |
| 7. G.S.N.   | 16. F.P.A. | 25. R.M.S.P.   | 34. N.P.D.     |
| 8. I.S.O.   | 17. F.O.B. | 26. R.H.G.     | 35. R.I.P.     |
| 9. R.M.A.   | 18. S.D.F. | 27. K.K.K.     |                |

*The above list, which was unavoidably omitted last month, is the last in this competition. Solutions from competitors living in Europe must be in our hands by March 1st,—this also applies to List 2, for which no date was given. Colonial and other competitors living beyond Europe will be allowed two months' extension of time.*

### ESSAY COMPETITION

First Prize: **One Guinea:**

JAMES J. NEVIN, 23 Suffolk Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Two Second Prizes: **Half-a-Guinea each:**

W. MANN, Kincora, Naunton Park, Cheltenham;  
J. H. CRILLY, 64 Milton Park, Highgate, N.

Highly Commended:

J. EDWIN TROLLOPE, Highbury Park; JAMES R. DARGE, Glasgow; R. P. S. HEAD, Buckingham Gate; JOHN ROBERTS, Lambeth; E. C. DUDLEY, Wolverhampton; W. E. R. SAUNDERS, Wellingborough.

We hope to give in a subsequent number a selection from the best essays.

### ART COMPETITION.

BEST ORIGINAL BLACK-AND-WHITE DRAWING.

First Prize: **Three Guineas:**

GERTRUDE J. HALLETT, 16 Tremadoc Road, Clapham, S.W.

Second Prize: **Two Guineas:**

ALICE PASSMORE, 2 Gransmoor Avenue, Openshaw, Manchester.

Very Highly Commended:

MISS H. ROBBINS, Bath; MAY MIDDLETON, Birmingham.

Highly Commended:

A. H. OWEN, Liverpool; KATE E. PARKINSON, Bradford.

Commended:

W. REEVES, Birmingham; ISABEL HARRIS, Barnes; BESSIE RICHARDS, Manningham; W. 352

D. ATCHISON, Crowthorne; MISS NORAH SMITH, Liverpool.

### NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION

(The articles received in this competition were all distributed at Christmas in poor districts of London.)

(A) BEST BED-JACKET FOR INVALID.

First Prize: *Italian Pictures* (30s.):

MISS MARY H. JARMAN, 24 The Paragon, Ramsgate.

(B) BEST KNITTED MUFFLER.

First Prize: *Pictures from Holland* (25s.):

MISS F. CARPENTER, Stratford-sub-Castle, Salisbury.

Second Prize: *Pictures of Southern China:*

MRS. RUOFF, 46 Russell Street, Reading.

Highly Commended:

MISS SARAH A. MIST, Bromley, Kent;  
BEATRICE TURNER, Ledbury; MRS. JESSIE BLAIR, Auldgrith.

(C) BEST MITTENS.

First Prize: *In Scripture Lands:*

MISS C. T. MAUGER, High Cliff, St. Lawrence, Jersey.

Second Prize: *Driftwood:*

EDITH FLINT, Westwood, Well Street, Ryde, I. of W.

Highly Commended:

ANNIE M. MAUGER, CATHERINE MCADAM RANKIN, MISS WOODS, College Hill, E.C.; EDITH BIRD.

Commended:

FLORENCE HOLDER, M. POWELL, ALICE REEVES, MARY A. BURTON, MATILDA E. DAY.





"What does 'Van Houten's' mean, Mother?"

"It means the Best Cocoa, my dear."

### THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

JUST PUBLISHED. 384 Pages.  
Large Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s.

## THE SLAVE IN HISTORY.

His Sorrows and  
his Emancipations.

By **WILLIAM STEVENS**,  
sometime Editor of "The Leisure Hour."

With Portraits and with Illustrations by  
**J. FINNEMORE.**

Large Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s.

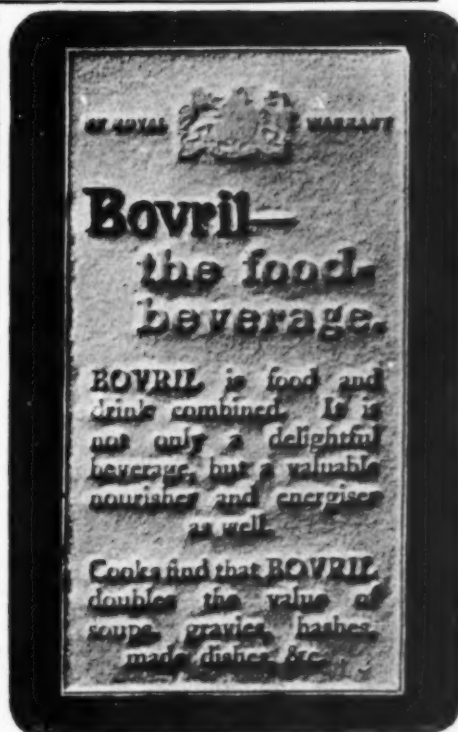
*The Church Times* says:—"Mr. Stevens has collected what lay scattered through many volumes of history and biography."

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